

February 5, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



New Americans
By H. G. WELLS

12 B 254 101 KANS
MRS J O MAJOR 215 S BUCKEYE
26N38



“Why a famous London pipe shop reminded me of my favorite whiskey”



“OVER in England I dropped in on a famous St. James tobacconist and asked him to prepare one of his special smoking mixtures for me.

“I watched him as he dipped into the little bins of tobacco . . . mixing nut-brown Virginia with mellow Latakia . . . adding a bit of golden Turkish, and a dash of rich-black Perique.

“And as he deftly combined these fragrant tobaccos into a smoking mixture such as pipe dreams are made of, I thought of how, back in Kentucky, my favorite whiskey . . . Four Roses . . . achieves its greatness in much the same way . . .”

Our friend is right. For, while Four Roses is *all* whiskey, it is more than just *one* fine straight whiskey.

It is a glorious combination of *several* selected straight whiskeys, each with something special in the way of *aroma*, or *body*, or *smoothness*, or *flavor*.

Brought together with almost loving care, these noble whiskeys merge *all* their superb virtues into *one* truly magnificent liquor . . . Four Roses . . . a whiskey that we sincerely believe is the finest any one ever put into a bottle. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

90 proof—A blend of straight whiskeys. And that means ALL whiskey—whiskey every drop!

A Future Star of the Stage and Screen just can't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"



Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

LITTLE GIRLS have ambitions, too! And what could be more important to a future young star of the stage and screen than a lovely, attractive and *winning* smile. That's why she is guarding that smile *now*...practicing faithfully at home the important lesson her teacher taught her—daily massage of the gums for firmer gums and sounder teeth.

Thousands of children will some day thank their teachers for pointing out the danger of today's soft foods. For today's fiberless, rich foods rob gums of the work they require for health. Lacking exercise, they tend to grow flabby, tender, weak—and sooner or later that warning tinge of "pink" may appear on your tooth brush.

"Pink tooth brush" means—see *your dentist at once!* You may not be threatened by serious gum trouble—but only your dentist can be the judge. Usually, however, it is a simple warning of under-worked gums—gums that need more vigorous ex-

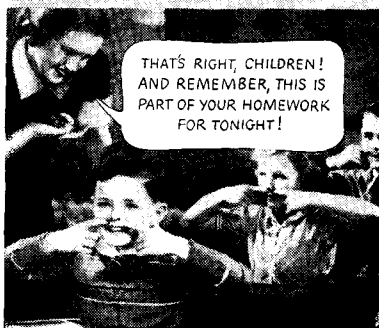
ercise—and, as so many dentists suggest, "The healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to aid the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused in the gum tissues—gums tend to become stronger. Teeth have a brighter look.

Let Ipana, *with massage*, help you to *sparkling* teeth, *healthier* gums, a *brighter, more attractive* smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

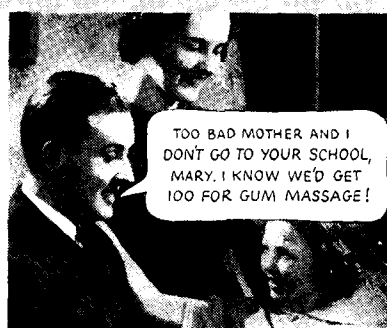
GIVE YOUR SMILE THE HELP OF IPANA AND MASSAGE!



THAT'S RIGHT, CHILDREN!
AND REMEMBER, THIS IS
PART OF YOUR HOMEWORK
FOR TONIGHT!



LIKE THIS MUMMY—
THAT'S THE WAY TEACHER
TAUGHT US TO DO IT!



TOO BAD MOTHER AND I
DON'T GO TO YOUR SCHOOL,
MARY. I KNOW WE'D GET
100 FOR GUM MASSAGE!

IPANA Tooth Paste



WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
 Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
 Editorial Director

Collier's

February 5, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

JOHN THORNE looked young to be an expert in early Americana and a connoisseur of paneling. But he was good at his job. So good that he didn't seem able to get out of it. And the job was slowly smothering him. His patron, Mr. Brindox, was a possessive man; what's worse, he had an even more possessive daughter.

A clean break, that was the ticket. But young Mr. Thorne had not yet seen the house in the marsh; he had not met the girl who owned it nor confronted the reckless, evil characters who terrorized her. He had not even heard of the buried treasure. "Castle Sinister" is the absorbing new serial by J. P. Marquand.

ON FEBRUARY 10th, William Allen White will be seventy years old. His active life has covered a period of amazing and dramatic change in this country. There is no one better fitted to record the tremendous pageant of America's upward surge during the past half century than the Sage of Emporia. He does just that in "It's Been a Grand Show."

WHEN Henry DeWitt Buck put himself down for the ski race it was an excusable joke. But in giving John Goodrich his own titles and distinctions he almost committed murder. John tried to live up to them on the breakneck declivities of Simpson's Run. You see, there was a girl in the gallery. But what you would hardly guess is how resourceful the girl turned out to be. "Big Thrill" is by W. T. Bissell.

DECEMBER 12th dawned just like any other day. Jim Marshall, cruising quietly up the Yangtze on the gunboat Panay, agreed to a game of poker. "I feel lucky," he said. Sixty seconds later hell broke loose from the sky. Norman Alley, a photographer, saw it all happen. In words and pictures he reports the famous incident.

"A SAILOR'S ticket," Jubal Raglin said, "ought to be clean. Clean as a hound's tooth!" Jubal's wasn't. There were red marks left there by the death of nine hundred pilgrims, gone down in fire and smoke in the Red Sea. Everyone blamed Jubal, even the girl who loved him. In "The Port of Pilgrims" Jacland Marmur shows you how he got those red marks rubbed out.

WALTER DURANTY writes the Short Short Story. **Kyle Crichton**, **Will F. Jenkins**, **Quentin Reynolds**, **William MacHarg**, **Octavus Roy Cohen**, **Freling Foster** and others contribute stories and articles. Don't miss a trick.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE
The Woman at Santarem. A lovely and neglected lady. Page 9

ROBERT T. COLWELL
Sort of Psychic. The love story of an advertising genius. Page 16

SAX ROHMER
Black Magic. Dispelled by Bazarada. Page 22

WILLIAM MacHARG
The Important Point. A matter of clean hands. Page 25

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Sales Talk, by Elmer Davis. Page 12

SERIAL STORIES

JONATHAN LATIMER
A Queen's Ransom, Conclusion. The pay-off. Page 21

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
East of Broadway, Part VII. Devices and desires. Page 24

ARTICLES

KYLE CRICHTON
Choice for a Queen. Anna Neagle takes a bow. Page 13

H. G. WELLS
New Americans. Mr. Wells takes a close look at us. Page 14

JIM MARSHALL
When Russia Marches. Who's master in the Orient? Page 18

RUTH SEINFEL
Belles on Their Toes. Put on your skates. Page 20

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. In brief. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Sympathy Not for Sale. Page 54

COVER **ERIC GODAL**

Any Week

THE world is somewhat upside down. Mr. Darle Boynton of Atlantic City, New Jersey, is quite upset because "you may pass any of the old high-grade clubs of the old conservative school, look in the windows and come to only one conclusion—that there are few if any aristocratic gentlemen left in the country. On a visit to New York not long ago I asked a taxi driver to take me to the Union League Club, not that I belong to that distinguished organization but because somehow the very shadow of it reassures me and comforts me. He had never heard of it. What is wrong with our educational system?"



WE HAVEN'T got around to the Union League Club recently but there may be a hint for Mr. Boynton in what we're told by Miss Dorothy T. McNelle of Washington, D. C. Says Miss McNelle: "Amid the ringing cheers of the downtrodden masses and the solidly organized but unemployed automotive, steel and mine workers, Mr. John L. Lewis, flanked by Ph. D.'s and guarded front and rear by expensively educated secretariats, moved into his new ivory tower the other day. Many thousands of dollars were spent by Mr. Lewis to make the place habitable, it having been nothing before but the University Club, a hovel housing one of our better clubs. Great news for the dues-paying workers, old ink-fingers. Hey?"

NO DAY passes wherein we are not besought to dash to the rescue of some cause which, if not lost, is at least badly bemused. A man who writes under the name of "Mr. Abess" of Portland, Oregon, calls upon us "in the name of the Constitution" to fly to arms "to save atheism before it is too late." And only yesterday a Mrs. George W. Sainer who, by a peculiar coincidence, is of the same city demanded that we declare war on atheism "like the Crusaders of old to which I trace my ancestry." Mr. Abess says that atheism is in a pretty bad way, "the preachers and the prostituted press having been dragooned with gold to destroy the wise man's only remaining solace." And then he adds, somewhat to our distress: "You, too, were once an intelligent man."

MR. J. S. DALLAM of Miami, Florida, wrote a letter to the editor of his newspaper demanding that he "and other worthy persons" be made the beneficiaries of a head tax "on all Yankees entering the state between the months of November and April." With this money Mr. Dallam "and other worthy persons" will not only live well but make wealthy visitors feel less conscience-stricken and by our very appearance give the state of Florida a better name."

"THE eagerness of the New Deal," writes Mr. Theodore Wine of Lowell, Massachusetts, "to save us from ourselves is exceeded only by its present efforts to save itself from us. Time was when the noise of the political renovations going on all around was so great that we couldn't sleep. Today we have to make the noise to keep the renovators awake. If they've run out of reformers they ought to advertise for some more. There are lots of free-lance screwballs looking for work."

WE ARE accused by Mr. Loftus MacLean of Toronto, Canada, of "viewing Japan's protestations of peaceful penetration of China" with some slight skepticism. Says he: "What else can Japan do? We have it from the honorable high military command in Tokyo that Japan was forced by a warlike and super-nationalistic China to force the Chinese to behave themselves and stop quarreling with their generous neighbor. Therefore, Japan intends to kill all Chinese who can't understand the Japanese policy of peace. And there is nothing so peaceful as a dead Chinese. It's simple."



IT WON'T be long before trains full of athletes will be southbound to see to it that there will be plenty of baseball for the weary. Of this we are assured by Mr. Bill O. Donlevy of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Mr. Donlevy says that a new system is to be tried out this spring by the Philadelphia National League Club. "Instead of having just a crowd of fellows in short pants running around chasing a ball," says Mr. Donlevy, "the Phillies are going to hire one ballplayer to serve as a model and the rest of the boys will watch and imitate him."

BUT how'll they know who he is?

Vol. 101, No. 6. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1938, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and

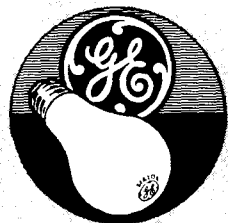
sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; \$2.00 a year, \$3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: \$5.50 a year to all other countries. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

15¢

BETTER SIGHT SIZES

75-100-watts . . . 20¢

150-watts 25¢



BUY BULBS WHERE YOU SEE
THIS EMBLEM DISPLAYED

THE NEW 1930 G-E MAZDA LAMPS

Stay Brighter Longer!

● Yes, young lady, and the new G-E MAZDA lamps are the brightest ever. You, and every other homemaker, can have better light for entertaining, for reading, for sewing . . . for every seeing purpose . . . *at no extra cost for current or lamp.*

Why not use G-E MAZDA lamps to light condition your entire home? Light Conditioning means to provide the right amount of light and the right kind of lighting for seeing, comfort and beauty, wherever eyes

are used for work or play. It means Better Light for Better Sight. You can begin to light condition for as little as 20c . . . the price of a 100-watt General Electric MAZDA lamp.

Ask your dealer to tell you the correct size lamps to use in your reading lamps and in your lighting fixtures. And don't forget a supply of "spares." Look for the G-E monogram when you buy, and you will be sure to get lamps that Stay Brighter Longer.

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS



Pen-SKRIP, Successor to Ink,
2-oz., 15c Permanent SKRIP
makes better business records.

A quality fountain pen is a precision instrument—it should be inspected regularly. To insure that your pen, regardless of make, performs as it should, Sheaffer dealers the nation over extend inspection service the week of February 7 to 12, without charge or obligation. Because store stocks are especially complete now at the opening of the second school semester, and because many special values in writing equipment are offered, a visit to your Sheaffer dealer now provides a rare opportunity to everyone to make his writing equipment complete. Go to have your pen examined! And if you need writing equipment, now is the time to get it!

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IOWA • TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

SHEAFFER PENS • ALL COLORS • \$2.75 TO \$20

SHEAFFER'S



*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, 1938
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

The Woman at Santarem

By William
Arthur Breyfogle

The story of a woman
who discovered the sim-
plicity of sophistication

IF HE was bound to get fever, I'm glad it happened when it did. We weren't more than two hundred miles up the river. He wanted to go on, shaky as he was, but I turned back. The others will wait for me at the rapids." John Carver looked at his wife with a little grin that spoke of a joke between them. "The white woman's burden!"

"What shall I tell him when he proposes to me?"

"Whatever you like. I trust you implicitly."

"With Sir Henry Dixon's very handsome son?"

"With anyone, my dear. What did the doctor say?"

"That it wasn't as bad as it looked. The fever mounted so quickly because the boy had no immunity to it. He may be a long while recuperating, but whatever danger there was is past. John, what have you found up the river?"

"Nothing but rubber. We aren't above the jungle area yet."

"Was it oil Sir Henry wanted?"

"It was oil last time, in Venezuela, where young Childs broke his arm. This time it's manganese, principally. We're to keep our eyes open. There's lead, up beyond, and silver. Possibilities of gold."

"I suppose this means that you'll be longer than ever?"

"Three months—four months. No longer than I have to be."

Edith Carver made a face of discontent. "And you'd given up work in the field! You were going to be a consultant with a London office! We'd taken a house in Twickenham, and it turns out to be Santarem!"

"Sir Henry offered me terms I couldn't refuse."

"Don't blame Sir Henry! You were like a boy let out of school."

"But Twickenham is still there, Edith. We'll go back soon."

"Oh, well! You'll stay here tonight, anyway?"

"I can't, my dear. I mustn't waste a minute."

"Waste?"

"No, of course not! But the launch has to buck the current, and they'll be held up waiting for me at the rapids."

She said slowly, "I wish you'd stay, just one night."

"The sooner I go, the sooner I'll be back."

"All right! But when Stewart proposes, I shall accept him."

"I couldn't blame you. A most eligible young fellow. Since you've made up your mind, there's nothing for me but to vanish into the jungle." He kissed his wife. "Which I shall now do."

It wasn't the first time. The fourteen years of their marriage had seen John Carver vanish into more jungles than his wife could remember, or wanted to. Jungles or mountains or deserts. She waited for him in places—well, places like Santarem. There wasn't any reason for it, except that they had begun this way. At



He might at least have written a proper letter, she thought.
Was she his wife? Or just the woman at Santarem?

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. C. BEALL

first she even liked it. But that was a long time ago, when it was all new, when they were both younger. She was thirty-eight now.

She didn't look it, in spite of having lived here and there in the tropics for months at a time. On the way back from the landing, when the launch was out of sight upriver, she walked trimly, all in white, enjoying as she always did the mere feel of walking. There was something authoritative in the way she ignored Santarem. She neither shrank from it nor found it picturesque. And this disregard, while it accorded queerly with the general youthfulness of her appearance, lent it an added interest as well.

A small woman, she looked taller than she was. Her eyes, blue and direct, had something to do with that. It was understandable that John Carver should say, "I trust you." Everything about her invited it.

The two Indian women she had engaged met her on the wide porch of her house. Their names were Anna and Maria; appropriately, they were mother and daughter. Edith Carver was still uncertain of her Portuguese—she had studied it on the ship—but she asked, "The sick man?"

"Asleep," Anna said. "The doctor will come back at eight."

"Supper for me here, then." She indicated the table, and old Anna bobbed her understanding. Supper on the porch. It should be done.

Sleep was the best thing for Stewart Dixon, in his present state of weakness. Sleep might be the best thing for anyone in Santarem—the natives were nearly always sleeping. But Edith Carver moved restlessly about in the dim living room. She picked up books and put them down, played with the paper knife, struck a single, soft chord on the villainous old piano. It only made the restlessness worse. Even when she sat down at last, with a cigarette, her eyes still wandered about the room. John would be perhaps four miles up the Tapajos by now. It was all very well for John!

THREE months in Santarem, four months in Santarem—and all because John had gone back on his pledged word. He had promised her solemnly to make no more trips in the field. He could afford not to now, and he was as tired of them as she was. Edith Carver was angry, but more than that she was afraid. He had never broken his word to her before. What guarantee had she that he wouldn't go on breaking it now? But that meant the rest of their lives spent this way, John off looking for something in the wilderness while she waited on the forlorn outskirts of civilization. What did it mean? Was there a real fascination for him in the wild and lonely places? Or was it because, as they both grew older, it was easier for him to leave her? Ten years ago, five years ago, even, she would have laughed at that. But now she was thirty-eight. She put the cigarette out, with a sudden decision to dress for dinner. Perhaps, if she did that, she could look in a full-length mirror and laugh at her fears again.

But it wasn't in the mirror she looked: it was in the eyes of Dr. Hans Heinrich Weiss, who came at half past six instead of eight. The eyes were blue, and lost in the little doctor's rosy old cheeks. But they sparkled with admiration. "You take me back to my youth, to Vienna," he told her. "Madam, I will compose a waltz for you!"

Edith smiled. "Is it cruel to remind you of your patient?"

"Heartless! But I do not fear for my patient now." He made her a bow and marched into the house. His close-cropped white hair stood up stiffly; his

clothes were shabby and old. He was nice, she thought. Poor little man! What was an Austrian doing out here?

When he came out again, after a half-hour, she was waiting. "You were so polite, Doctor. I told them to set a place for you. I am keeping you here for dinner."

He set his bag down with a bump. "Madam, I am not your admirer but your adorer!"

It didn't take his appetite. For purely selfish reasons, Edith was glad she had kept him. He made her laugh, and laughter must be rare enough at Santarem. Better even than the laughter was his pleasure in her company, his open admiration. He could not have prescribed for her more shrewdly if his call had been a professional one.

"Mr. Dixon is better," he announced, as the soup was served. "Much better. There is not much I can do for him now, but—" He bobbed his head at her across the table. "But I shall continue to call! One must be careful of a relapse, God be thanked!"

"He was very keen to come, when Sir Henry was discussing this expedition with my husband. He'll hate missing the adventures."

"I know. But adventure isn't an aspect of geography. It's like happiness; it occurs in a man's mind—inside him, you say? The place has nothing to do with it."

"He won't believe that. It is hard on him."

"To be nursed by a very beautiful lady? A hardship?"

EDITH CARVER gave him a smile. "Would you be shocked if—?"

"Nothing shocks me but indifference to good food and drink."

"Then I'll tell you. About all the young men I've nursed back to health. You see, I've always gone with my husband on his expeditions. Gone as far as he would let me go, that is. Then I would wait, and almost always someone would be sent back, sick or hurt, for me to look after. Mr. Dixon is the fourteenth."

"Lucky fellows!"

"Do you know what happened, every time?"

"They proposed to you! They asked you to run off with them!"

"How did you know?"

"Ah, madam, I am from Vienna!"

"Well, it's true. I've averaged a proposal a year."

"There is no better way to keep one's youth."

"But every one of them! Doesn't it seem queer?"

"Why, no! They were young men, weren't they? And permit me to observe that a woman without sympathy would not have invited me to dinner here tonight. You must have been kind to them."

"Perhaps I was. I had nothing else to do. It was never John, my husband, who came back sick."

"That was wrong of him!" The doctor's eyes twinkled. "But wrong!"

She looked up quickly, then laughed. "It was, wasn't it?"

"He could have arranged to be a little sick, to need you."

"A funny sort of marriage, ours. I think we've missed a great deal."

"Everyone does," the doctor said, oddly cheerful about it. "Many people would think of Santarem as a most romantic place."

"Because they know nothing about it!"

"Santarem, or Vienna, or—what is your place?—London. It's all the same. Happiness depends on the man, or the woman. It isn't a right or a privilege; it's a job to work at."

"Well, are you happy?"

"I am just now! But quite often I am.

I go on learning. If I live to be old enough, I'll be happy nearly all the time."

A character, evidently. Edith found him amusing, with an unexpected way of putting things. Amusing, but not particularly helpful to her. How could happiness depend on herself, when she spent her life waiting for John? When it had begun to appear that John didn't mind keeping her waiting? He might have stayed one night, when he brought Stewart Dixon down. The manganese could wait one night. If Dr. Weiss was right, she had to build her happiness without John. Maybe that was what he meant—that you had to look out for yourself. That way, it was more than simply amusing.

STEWART DIXON was getting better. His appetite began to improve; he developed a notable impatience. On the screened porch, propped up in the most comfortable chair, he sat and damned Santarem, the Tapajos River, his own luck and the nation of Brazil. He did it in a weak voice, but thoroughly. Edith told him he must not excite himself, and provoked an explosion.

"Not excite myself? My God, when I have to sit here and look at that river, at the way the others went! A lot of manganese I'll find on this porch! I go looking for pyrolusite and I find pillows! I'm an explorer, I have adventures!"

"What's pyrolusite?"

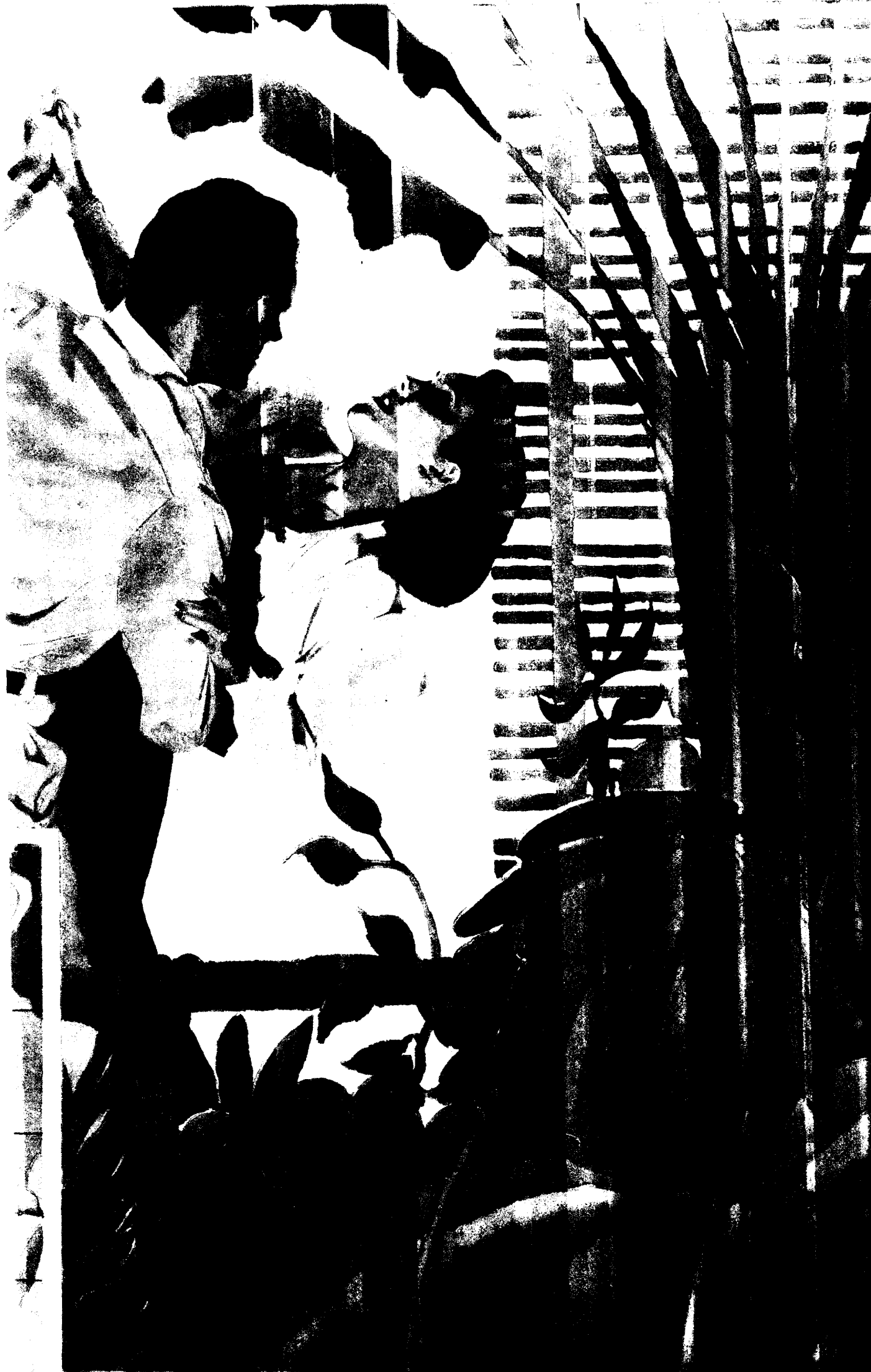
"Don't you ever listen to Mr. Dixon? It's an ore, manganese dioxide, if you really don't know."

"I see. It's time for your medicine."

"Take it away! I don't want the con-founded stuff!"

Edith Carver could not recall a handsomer, or a more disagreeable young man. Her own anger put warm color in her cheeks, and her eyes were bright. "You'll take it, just the same! It happens that I'm not much interested in pyrolusite, if you can conceive of that.





So Weiss played it and Edith and Stewart danced, only a few steps, for Stewart was still weak. Weiss went on and played others, not all gay. He played surprisingly well, and his little body swayed to the music

Or even in the creatures who look for it. The ones I meet need a lot of waiting on. They aren't always polite. Open your mouth!"

It was already open. He gaped at her. "Look here, I'm sorry. I didn't think—" "Try. Don't be discouraged if it seems hard at first."

She was promptly ashamed of herself. but she sulked inside for a half-hour.

Her own temper wasn't of the best; it couldn't be expected of her. But when she came out again, still a little defiant, she found tears on the boy's face, and dropped on her knees beside him at once. "There, there, dear! I was hateful. You mustn't mind me."

"It's myself I mind." He drew the back of his hand across his eyes. "Crying, too!"

"That isn't you, it's the fever." She saw that his hand trembled. "Don't you think you'd better go back to bed now? I'll help you."

He shuffled in docilely, leaning on her. Because she was sorry, she bent over and kissed him. "You're going to be well again very soon. Try to have a good sleep."

WHEN she looked in, after an hour, he was sleeping soundly. The expression on his face was curiously blissful, like a child's. Of course, he was only twenty-two.

When he was finally up and able to be around, Dr. Weiss was invited to help celebrate. He brought his violin, and Edith demanded her waltz. "You promised me one. I want it."

"I haven't forgotten, but it will take a long time. It has to be worthy of you, madam, as you looked that day." He made his little dancing-school bow. "Or as you look now. No common waltz!"

"Play something else, then. Something gay, Doctor!"

"Something from Vienna? The *Dorfschwalben*? The *Wienerwald*?"

"No, the Merry Widow!" Edith clapped her hands. "It's appropriate!"

Stewart said, "But you're not a widow!"

"I might as well be. And I do feel merry!"

So Weiss played it and Edith and Stewart danced, only a few steps, for Stewart was still weak. Weiss went on and played others, not all gay. He played surprisingly well, and his tubby little body swayed to the music. "One more!" they begged, when he put the violin down and took out a big silk handkerchief. "After you've drunk your coffee, Doctor. Just one more!"

"I will take my time." He emptied his brandy glass into the cup. "It was so we drank it at home. *Eine Tasse der Heimat*, also!" He lit his cigarette. "What shall I play?"

"What you like best," Edith said. "Your own favorite."

"Ah! *Der Rosenkavalier*!"

EDITH knew it. Weiss turned to Stewart. "It isn't everyone's music. It's about a woman, the Marschallin, and how she sees her youth passing. But she is very beautiful, and if you have a mind like mine, you fall in love with her. In Vienna, you are bound to love everything past its first youth. Vienna itself is like that, but it makes other cities seem awkward, adolescent." He picked up the violin. "You can hear it in the music, if you listen."

Edith had her head bent, with a faint smile playing about her lips. The lamp-light made her hair a deep gold. Stewart Dixon stared at her. He didn't look away even when the music stopped. Edith said, "Bravo!" but softly. "Oh, that was beautiful!"

It was a word she didn't use lightly.

He never looked at her in quite the same way after that evening. It might be because the worst of his sickness was over, because he had begun slowly to regain strength. He was still restless, impatient, but she noticed that he seldom spoke of her husband's expedition now. He didn't talk much at all. He sat staring at the Tapajos or, when she was in sight, following her with his eyes, everywhere. She taught him to play Russian Bank, but mostly they played in silence. Stewart seldom won.

He was preoccupied. When at last he got permission from Weiss to leave the house, he made his way at once to the wireless telegraph station. He kept Edith waiting nearly an hour while he composed and sent a message. She was worried, and she scolded him. But until an answer came, the next day, he seemed unable to attend even to a scolding.

(Continued on page 42)

HE MET her at a dinner, and instantly told himself, "That's the woman I'm going to marry." She had been introduced as Mrs. Levering, but she had come alone, and New York was full of young widows, young divorcees. They talked eagerly over the cocktails; at the table they were seated far apart, but Mark Haley's eyes kept going back to her; here at last, he thought, was a woman he wanted.

His hostess, beside him, presently followed his restless glance.

"Ellen Levering looks lovely tonight," she observed. "What a pity James won't go out with her. . . . James? Her husband—Dr. Levering, the surgeon. Of course he's twenty years older than she, but that's not too old to dine out. But all he seems to care about is his work."

Any man who had a wife like that and didn't care about her, thought Haley, deserved to lose her; it was no sin to snatch up a pearl from before such a swine. After dinner he talked to her, learned that she was childless; that ought to make it easier to persuade her that she was the woman he was going to marry. But when he asked her to lunch with him—

"Oh, I'm afraid not," she said. "I—I don't do things like that."

"This isn't a thing like that. I don't do them either; I'm not interested in women. But I've got to go on getting acquainted with you."

She persisted in refusal, but with evident reluctance. He could see that the idea of divorcing her husband and becoming Mrs. Mark Haley would have to be sold to her, but that didn't worry him. Anybody who wrote as much insurance as he did had qualified as a high-pressure salesman.

He met her again at the opera, where she had gone with friends, and had supper with them afterward; and when presently she gave a dinner—for though James Levering wouldn't dine out, he was willing to entertain occasionally—Mark Haley was one of the guests. He would have liked Dr. Levering if he hadn't been Ellen's husband, and hadn't so obviously taken her for granted; and Levering seemed to like him. That would make things easier, when the time came.

It was slow in coming, but Mark knew how to nurse

a prospect along till the moment was ripe for the sales talk that clinched the deal. Before long she was meeting him for lunch; then he asked her to go to the opera, and she asked James if he would mind, and James said he was glad she knew an unattached man who liked to go out in the evening. So they took to going to the opera together, and on to supper afterward, with dancing.

Then, one night when he brought her home, he kissed her.

"My dear!" she gasped. "We mustn't." The "we" encouraged him.

"Why mustn't we, Ellen? I love you—and I've never loved anybody else. I'm a one-woman man and you're the woman. You want time to get used to the idea; but lunch with me tomorrow and we'll talk it out."

"Oh, I shouldn't, Mark. I shouldn't. . . . But I will."

SHE met him next day, her face flushed, her eyes bright. But when he told her he wanted her to get a divorce and marry him—

"Oh, my dear," she sighed. "If I were a widow—But I'm not. I'm very fond of you; but I love James, and he loves me. Of course, he's older—"

"Exactly; he's older." He swung into the dynamic monologue of the sales talker. "Ellen, you are twenty-nine years old. Young people find it hard to realize that they'll be old some day, but it's in just these early years that you ought to be making provision for the future. Actuarial tables prove that even if your husband were your own age, you'd probably outlive him; with a twenty-year difference you certainly will. You're likely to be left a widow at fifty, too late to start again. Meanwhile, you live with a man who doesn't know you're there."

"It's no way to invest your life, Ellen. Marry me and your future is safeguarded; I come of a long-lived stock and I'll probably live as long as you do. James will go on working till he drops; but I've bought retirement annuities; when I'm sixty I'll retire and we can travel, enjoy security in our old age. In the meantime you have full protection through the best years of your life—a husband about your own age who's crazy

about you. And if by some accident I die young, you're still protected; I've made money and saved it; I have a cash-surrender value of two hundred thousand dollars which will increase with every year. In justice to yourself, Ellen—and to your children, if you ever have any—you can't say no!"

Literally she couldn't; it was the first time she had ever been exposed to a high-pressure sales talk. Breathlessly she said yes; and then he put her into a taxi and took her home. James was lunching at home today, and Mark insisted that they must get this settled at once.

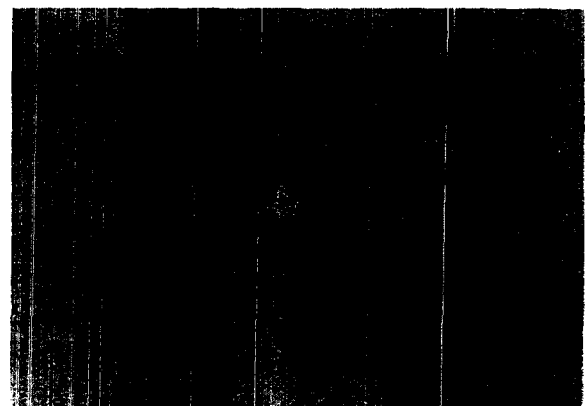
"I don't know how to tell him," she sighed. "He's never dreamed—"

"I'll tell him," said Mark. "We've got to sell him the idea of divorcing you; and selling people on ideas is my business."

James greeted them with a vague amiability that turned to bewilderment when Mark said he must see him alone, on a matter of vital importance. They went into the library; Ellen heard Mark commencing—

"It's about Ellen, James. You love Ellen, and I know you want to make the best possible provision for her future—"

The door closed and she heard no more. She lit a



cigarette, walked restlessly about, with an uneasy feeling that she had been stampeded into this. If she were a widow—But she wasn't. She loved Mark, but she loved James, too. James didn't notice her much, but he would notice if she weren't there. And he wouldn't console himself with another woman; he was a one-woman man, like Mark—

Like Mark. She stood still with a gasp. All James cared about, now that he was sure of her, was surgery. All Mark had cared about till lately was selling insurance. If he got her he might stop noticing her too, and she would be no better off than now—worse, in fact; for her conscience would never be quite at ease if she let James down. But it was too late for afterthoughts; by now Mark would have told his story, he'd be coming out in a moment with James' verdict. But it was a surprisingly long time before Mark reappeared, rubbing his hands in satisfaction.

"WELL, Ellen, he'll give you a divorce. I sold him the idea—"

"Not without some trouble, apparently." He looked surprised. "You were in there so long—" she explained. His eyes shifted a little. "Mark!" she gasped. "You—you didn't sell him some insurance, too?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did. My sales talk went over so big; he seemed dazed, ready to say yes to anything. I couldn't resist the opening to sell him a single-payment retirement annuity."

"I see. So he'll give me the divorce. Well, I'll take it—but I'm not going to marry you, Mark. I have a little income—I can live alone—"

"But why should you? I don't quite understand, Ellen!"

"No, you wouldn't; you're only a salesman. I know how easy it is for a one-woman man to stop noticing, and turn into a no-woman man. Anybody who'd talk business at a time like that—!"

"You mean I'd go on noticing you if you lived alone? More than now?"

"You might—and so might James. He noticed me before we were married; if we got unmarried he might notice me again. On second thought, Mark, I'm glad you're so good a salesman. I can make him keep on noticing me, if he's in the mood to retire on an annuity."

When he asked her to lunch with him, "Oh, I'm afraid not," she said. "I—I don't do things like that." "This isn't a thing like that," he said



ELMORE BROWN

By Kyle Crichton

The personal story of Miss Anna Neagle, who rose from the chorus to sit on a throne—and is not going to be allowed to forget it



THE night of September 16, 1937, was a memorable occasion in Leicester Square, and Piccadilly was jammed with swells in toppers and ladies in sables. The white shirt fronts of the gentlemen gleamed like searchlights on the night of an airplane raid, blinding innocent citizens miles away. There were floodlights in front of the theater and noble ladies ran the gantlet in a twitter, hoping furiously that somebody might mistake them for Carole Lombard. Inside the theater the acres of female backs glowed with such elegance that one half expected the appearance of Miss Sonja Henie on skates, beating her way up and down the rows of this marvelous bright surface. Altogether, it was something.

It was the opening night of *Victoria the Great*, which in turn was the cinematic story of the great queen being played by Anna Neagle, the ex-chorus girl.

"The biggest," said a gentleman of some slight discernment who had been standing crushed against the front of a milk bar, "the biggest bloody event of many a year, barrin', of course, the Coronation himself."

The reason for such excitement is simply that the British have been experiencing difficulty with their movie affairs. After several years of effort

and the loss of dozens of regal shirts, most of the companies have undergone that polite form of failure known as reorganization. The populace has become touchy on the subject, going to each new production fearing the worst and prepared to suffer for old Albion. If, therefore, the product doesn't drive them into the street with its odor, they consider it a major victory and shake the walls with such a joyous rendition of *God Save the King* at the conclusion of the performance as to frighten the management for the safety of the structure.

The Empire on Trial

Victoria the Great was opening as a prize-winning film, having been awarded the Cup of All Nations at the international contest in Venice. The news that it was a good film had been allowed to slip out and there was the additional consideration that if this wasn't a good film, the English could go back to charades and leave this movie business to the children. The presence of Miss Neagle in the name part was held in some quarters to be definite confirmation of the truth that the Empire was indeed democratic. But the more cynical were moved to point out that Anna Neagle was playing the queen because the noble ladies who were appearing in ermine at

the opening could no more play a queen on the screen than they could play a democrat in life. There was the further fact that it was a Herbert Wilcox production and in all such Anna Neagle plays the principal role, good, bad or merely British.

As for Miss Neagle, she said simply and originally, "It's all like a dream."

She added, a bit later, that it was such a dream that it caused her to search for something to bring her back to earth. She found *that* almost immediately in a memory of the day, the cold, cold winter's day ten years gone when she had sat shivering in a drafty entrance hall at the Cricklewood Studios—an out-of-work chorus girl trying to get a "crowd" job in the *Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel*, starring Madeleine Carroll and Matheson Lang. In due course Herbert Wilcox, who was directing the picture, came out and saw the young lady with the red nose and the snuffles and said he had nothing in view but if she would leave a photograph, etc.

"And yet," says Miss Neagle, properly wistful, "here we are today—Herbert Wilcox and I . . ."

Forsooth, it is an amazing business and not the least astonishing aspect is the Neagle lady herself. Without any nonsense about it, she happens to be a modest, intelligent and sensible female

who started as a gymnasium mistress (physical education instructor, in our queer language) and a teacher of dancing. She is a thin, blond person who gives the appearance of height but in reality is only five feet four inches. The point is stressed because, until you see her do it, it is impossible to think of Anna Neagle playing the plump little figure who was the queen.

She Jibbed at That

As Marjorie Robertson, the daughter of Captain Herbert William Robertson of the British Merchant Marine, she had originally been a bit of a tomboy and a keen cricket player. On good authority it is reported that she once did the hat trick, a cricket something which under no circumstances will be explained here. Her dancing started at the school of a Mrs. Wordsworth, a dauntless old dame of eighty who always said "zu" instead of "you" in such sentences as "zu will never be a dancer in a million years, zu there on the end. I mean zu." While at Mrs. Wordsworth's she took a job at a West End hotel in London as a dance instructor, in short a dance hostess. Being stepped upon by elderly visiting fireman was bad enough but she also had to dine with them if invited.

(Continued on page 38)

New Americans

By H. G. Wells



BLACK STAR

"I found a new generation, alert and interrogative. . . . They seem to be facing the American problem in something like its real distinctness and complexity"

Mr. Wells is a specialist: his subject is the world. We, as part of it, are put, every once in a while, under his microscope. It is a remarkable instrument and very powerful. This time he has peered through it at individuals—President Roosevelt, John L. Lewis, Henry Ford, James B. Conant. And, more important still, he has found a new generation. Here's his report

I CAME over to America once in the season of hope and hardship when President Franklin Roosevelt was newly in the White House. I thought then that he and Stalin were the most eventful persons in the world. They are—both in their successes, such as they are, and in their human shortcomings—cardinal men. The old private-property-money system at that time was showing signs of age and an imminent breakdown. A new order was indicated as plainly in America as Russia. The New Deal, I assumed, was to be a real, effective reconstruction of economic relationships and the Brain Trust was to get together and tell us how.

I was particularly keen at that time to see and sample what I could of the Brain Trust, that improvised council of informed and constructive men which had to modernize and re-equip a staggering modern community. I found it a trifle incoherent. I went afterward to Russia to talk to Gorky and Stalin about the absolute necessity for free discussion if a social order is to be effectively reconstituted. But Gorky I found grown old, fame-bitten and under the spell of Stalin, and Stalin, whom I liked, has never breathed free air in his life and did not know what it meant.

When I revisited the President in 1935

things were asway and rather confusing.

Now they are clearer. The New Deal was a magnificent promise, and it evoked a mighty volume of hope. Now that hope has been dissipated. Mass hope is the most wonder-working gift that can come into the hands of a popular leader. The mass hope of world peace at the end of the Great War, the mass hope of the Russian revolution and the mass hope of the New Deal were great winds of opportunity. But these great winds of opportunity do not wait for ships to be built or seamen to learn navigation. They pass; they are not to be recalled.

In the Company of Olympians

As I flew now over sunlit America and noted the traffic of life ebbing again below, and realized that that great capital of hope was nearly spent, I found the riddle of how people will behave, get past, or stand up to what is coming to them this year a problem very difficult to contemplate in a sunlit manner.

It has been more and more vivid in my mind, since I wrote *Anticipations* in 1900, that our world cannot struggle out of its present confusions and insufficiencies without a vigorous reorganization of its knowledge, thought and will. Its

universities, schools, books, newspapers, discussions and so on seem absurdly inadequate for the task of informing and holding together the mind of our modern world community.

Something better has to be built up. Nothing can be improvised now in time to save us from extremely disagreeable experiences.

I talked to the President over a lunch tray and I told him how variously he was disapproved of and how incapable the opposition seemed to be of presenting a plausible alternative to him. It was our third meeting. I wrote of him some years ago as floating a little above the level of ordinary life. I find him floating more than ever. He seems to me to belong to the type of Lord Balfour, Lord Grey of Falloden and Justice Holmes, great independent political figures, personally charming, Olympians, detached from most of the urgencies of life, dealing in a large, leisurely fashion with human stresses. The President is a skilled politician as Holmes was a great lawyer and Grey an ornithologist and fly-fisherman, but the quality their statesmanship has in common is its dignified amateurishness. "Tell me," Balfour used to say, treating the other fellow as a professional whose business it was to know.

At the first convulsive intimations of failure in the economic machinery of America when Franklin Roosevelt came out as the savior of his country, "Tell me" was in effect what he said and the Brain Trust was the confused response. I recalled his difficulties to him now, because I wanted to see how far he was a disappointed man and what sort of philosophy he had got out of it. The Constitution had lain in wait for him, as every written constitution lies in wait for innovators. But his major insufficiency had been the quality of the aid and direction that the American universities and schools had given him. They hadn't told him, and instead of specialists they had yielded him oddities. The Brain Trust had proved very incalculable men. Men whom he had promoted had, he remarked, a trick of coming out against him.

I pressed my obsession that America, like all the rest of the world, is in trouble because of its inadequate intellectual organization. Men and women have been educated as competitive individuals and not as social collaborators and even at that the level of information has been low.

He agreed and began talking of certain experiments that had been made in the cultural development of Dutchess County. It seemed to me an interesting and amiable exploitation of leisure, about as adequate to the urgencies of our contemporary situation as polishing a brass button would be in a naval battle. I do not think him oblivious to the reality that America has to reconstruct its social life and cannot do so without a modernization of education from top to bottom, but I got a very clear impression that he did not feel in the least responsible. He was not deeply interested in preparing for the future. That indifference is a common quality of the Olympian type.

After Roosevelt—What?

The Olympian type assumes a competent civil service, but it cannot be troubled to make one. It takes the world as it finds it, and so the worst thing that can be charged against the President's administration is the continuation of the spoils system in the public services, for which I am told his close association with J. A. Farley is responsible. You cannot have safe administrators who do not feel safe.

We glanced at the possibility of a successor, but he did not seem to have

any particular successor or type of successor in mind. We agreed that the danger of a world-wide war crisis would rise toward a maximum between 1939 and 1940 and he thought that by that time there should be someone younger, quicker and better equipped to meet the urgencies of possible warfare without delay, in the White House. But he spoke of that rather as his own personal problem than America's.

No Longer a Magician

A day or so later I saw a play in New York, I'd Rather Be Right, in which I found a good-natured confirmation of my own impression. It was a play about the American future, personified by a young couple who want to marry; the President, sympathetic but inadequate, was the principal character, and the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and so forth were presented under their own names.

It bore marks of divergent suggestions, cuttings and rearrangements, but the genius and geniality of George M. Cohan made a delightful and sympathetic figure of the chief. The show is saturated with derisive affection. On my previous visits to America I had re-



RICHARD CARVER WOOD

"President Conant of Harvard has the balanced lucid mind of the research addict, and he is deliberately turning from physical science to educational and administrative work. Ever since I met him I have been asking whether there are more like him"

"The President is a skilled politician as Holmes was a great lawyer, but the quality their statesmanship has in common is its dignified amateurishness"

"The impression I had of John L. Lewis was of a man, leonine according to the old senatorial model and capable, but specialized largely in the purely labor issues of motors and mining"



IFOR THOMAS

marked that President Roosevelt was believed in enormously or hated intensely. The mood has changed. They like him now. They like him more than ever they did, and they believe in his magic no more.

I spent a congenial day with Henry Ford at Dearborn and found him greatly concerned with growing the soybean, which fixes free nitrogen and enriches the soil that everyone else is exhausting. You can make everything from soup and biscuits to motorcar bodies and electric switches from the soybean. But Ford in addition to being a great inventive genius is an individualist by habit and temperament and he stands outside the American scheme, a system in himself.

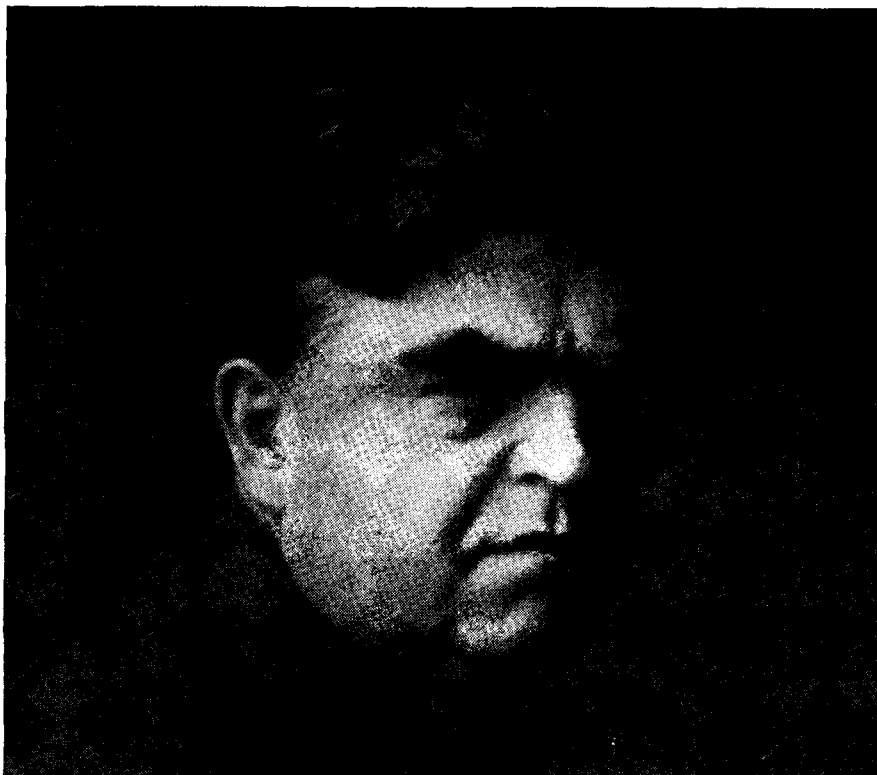
He is like science. He projects new things into the world, Ford cars which revolutionize the common roads and the common life of America, Ford tractors which set collectivization afoot in Russia and now the limitless possibilities of soya. And like science he has his political and social limitations. In the great American dégringolade he is like an island of something else. He does not like acquisitive finance and he does not like trade unionism but he does not know how to circumvent these two nec-

essary outgrowths of our present competitive property-money system. He has his prejudice against Jewish particularism and his false estimates about the will for peace, but even in that prejudice and that false estimate there is maybe a gleam of prophetic foresight. A harder-thinking United States might have assimilated instead of isolating this outstanding imaginative genius.

A Look at Lewis

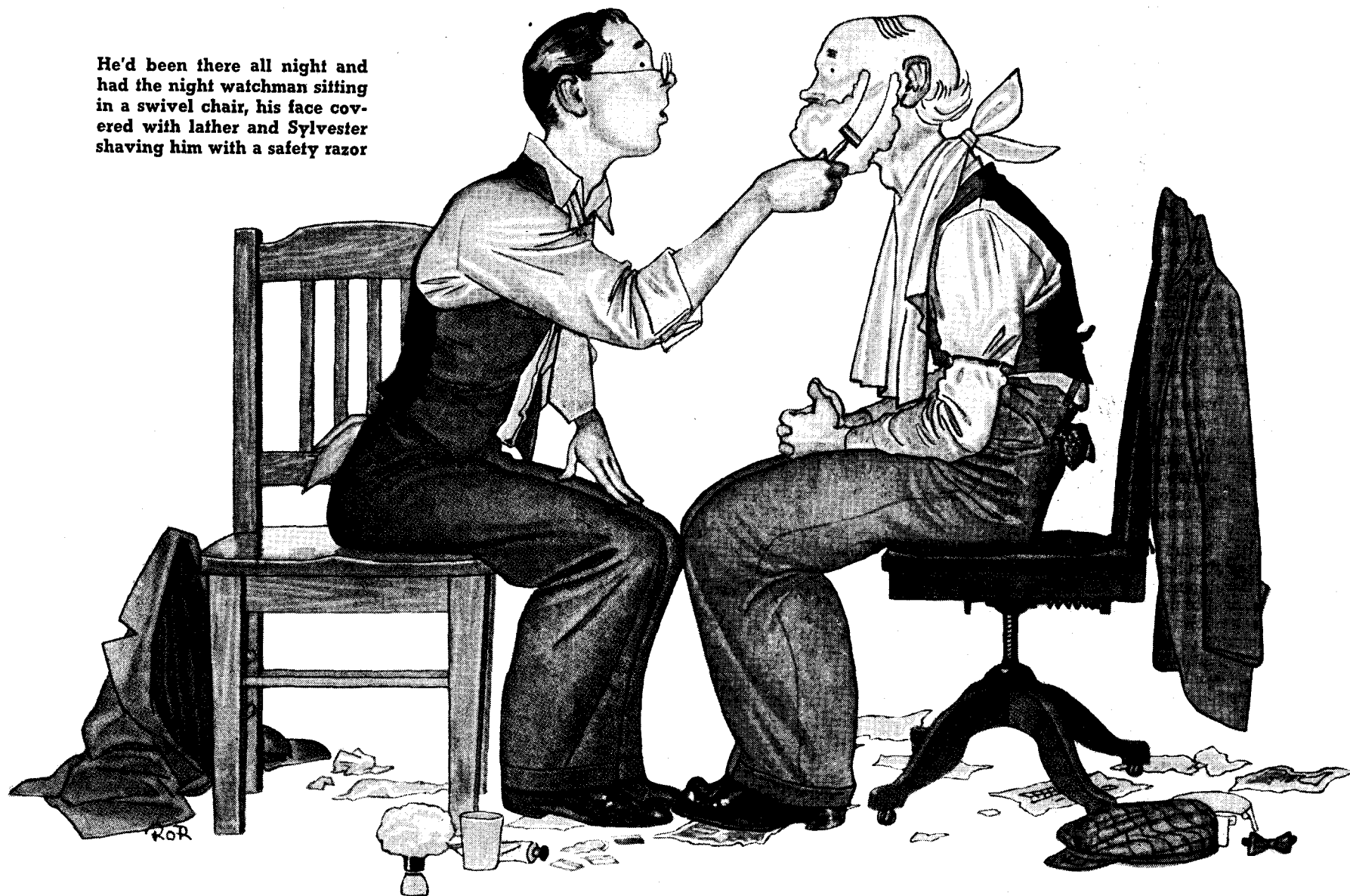
On the left side of American affairs, strikes, rather than ideas, increase and multiply. I had heard a good deal about John L. Lewis as a coming man who was going to do great things in politics. I met him and tried to find out how he thought the world was going. It reminded me of the distant past when I tried to get Clynes and Henderson and suchlike lights of labor in England to tell me exactly what they thought they were going to do with the dear old British empire.

Maybe I misjudged him, but the impression I had was of a man, leonine according to the old senatorial model—he would look well in a cage with Senator Borah—and capable, but specialized
(Continued on page 44)



IFOR THOMAS

He'd been there all night and had the night watchman sitting in a swivel chair, his face covered with lather and Sylvester shaving him with a safety razor



SORT OF PSYCHIC

The eccentric career of Sylvester Trout, supersalesman, who gave his all to break down his own sales resistance

By Robert T. Colwell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

HE STOOD there in front of my desk, slender and gawky and apologetic. He had a sort of detached look, too, as if his face were thinking about one thing and his eyes were thinking about something else.

His name was Sylvester Trout. You run into some pretty dreamy guys in the advertising business, but this one took all the prizes. I could see why they'd just let him out at another advertising agency. They were quite a hard-boiled outfit, and over there stargazers didn't have a chance. With us, they sometimes did pretty well.

He showed me some of the advertisements he'd written. With the new razor blade account we had, we needed help right away. So I asked him what kind of money he'd like to make.

Sylvester shuffled his feet, and wrung his felt hat like it was a dishrag. "Well," he said, "I was thinking if you'd hire me, I'd work for nothing to start."

"That's about what a new writer is worth the first few weeks," I told him. "But we might even go a little higher for the right man." Then I explained the advertising we prepared for our various clients: a shirt manufacturer, a bank, an automobile account and a brand of pickles. He looked vague and didn't pay much attention to what I was saying. To tell the truth, I wasn't thinking about what I said, either. I was too fascinated in watching the way he abused his hat. It reminded me of an old-fashioned taffy pull.

He came out of his coma when I told him he was hired. I handed him an armful of stuff on the new razor blade account. "Here are the interviews with consumers and stores. These are the scientific findings, and reports of our meetings here in the agency. Here are the razor blades we're advertising, and some competitive blades. Sit down and see what you can cook up. I'll ask Marion Hale to get you a typewriter and a place to hang up what's left of your hat."

"Marion," I said when I found her, "we'll need a

desk and a typewriter and stuff for the new copy writer. His name is Sylvester Trout."

"Sylvester Trout. Not actually Sylvester Trout?" She started to laugh.

"Yes, Sylvester Trout. And look, Marion, do me a favor and don't start making fun of him."

"What is he like?"

"Well, think of a thin Stuart Erwin. Think of a young Victor Moore. Think of Laurel and Hardy. . . ."

"Both of them?"

"No, the little sad one. And, Marion, remember what I say. Please don't rag him. He couldn't stand it. And if you'll excuse me for saying so, you're a fool to do it to anybody. If you'd start making dumb men feel smart, instead of vice versa, you'd win friends and influence people. Why don't you start out by telling this new guy he's wonderful?"

MARION needed that advice. She was just too proud to hand out a little soft soap. In other ways she was smart. Handled minor personnel and the pay rolls beautifully, and purchased our supplies like Harum bought horses. In her spare time she gave out good advice to everybody from the big boss down. Sometimes we took it, too, sarcasm and all.

I went into the boss' office. For a change he was as nice as pie. Oh, he could be a great guy when he wanted to, with a barrelful of charm that he could

turn on and off like a faucet. But don't get the idea we thought well of the boss. We loved him the way China loves Japan.

I told him about Sylvester Trout and what we ought to pay him. He said sure, sure, and then he gave me a lecture about having a hundred and fifty salaries to pay, and why I shouldn't give so much to a new man. But he let the salary stand. Patted me on the back, told me the razor blade account was shaky already, so I should work on that and nothing else. Then asked me to do two or three things on other accounts before morning, turned on the smile again and stood up so I would leave.

Marion was outside. "You know," I told her, "I can't understand the chief. Sometimes I think he's a very mellow gent . . . and sometimes not."

She thought it over. "Well, I guess everybody has a little milk of human kindness. But he's no dairy farm."

That next week, Sylvester worked to beat the band. One morning when I came into the office, he'd been there all night, and had the night watchman sitting in a swivel chair, his face covered with lather, and Sylvester shaving him with a safety razor. All over the floor were homemade charts, and pictures like a seven-year-old youngster draws, and sheets of typewritten advertising copy, edited and marked up until it looked like a road map.

But in the advertising business you don't laugh at such things. You go back to your own office and do something else just as whacky.

That night when I was ready to leave, Sylvester was still at it. I walked into his office and saw him with his hair mussed and his fists clenched, looking at razor blades under a microscope.

"Listen, kid," I yelled, "who do you think you are, Louis Pasteur? This can wait. Go home and get some sleep."

He smiled forgivinglike, and shook his head.

"Okay," I said. "If I can't lift you out of the gutter, I'll get in with you. Want me to show you how to do it?"

He stopped working. His voice sounded sort of far away. "I'm sure you could. But I'd like to win this battle alone."

Well, I'd had Horatio Algiers on my hands before, and those eager, wistful kids are the kind that get things done. But I felt kind of guilty, letting him work so hard. So I offered to pitch in and help. He said "Swell," and explained his main idea about razor blades . . . a good one, too. Then he showed me the piece of copy he was revising.

"The next thing I would do," he said, "is to write a hundred headlines."

So we divided up . . . fifty apiece. Two hours later I handed him fifty good ones . . . plenty of zip to some, others more on the sober side. He laid them down beside his own, and started crossing out most of his and most of mine. You could see what he was doing . . . weeding away all the ones that sounded too flashy, then the ones that sounded high pressure, and then the ones that had a mean, snarly tone to them.

In the end, there were only half a dozen left. He went over them carefully, took the piece of copy he had, and wrote one of the headlines at the top. The rest he inserted at various places down in the body of the copy. Then he read the whole thing over, and seemed to be waiting for something to happen. Once he stopped and cocked his head as if he were listening, and almost got up from his chair. Then he settled back again and bowed his head. He sat there studying the copy for I don't know how long. Then he made four small changes, writing fast with his pencil. He picked up the copy, and read it over again, his lips moving.

This time something really did happen. He gave a sudden start, and his eyes lighted up as if he were a convert at a camp meeting.

"Come on!" he said. "Let's go!"

I put on my hat and handed him his. "I don't wonder you're hungry. When did you eat last? Breakfast?"

He looked at me with a hurt expression. "But we can't eat yet. Not until I buy the razor blades."

"Oh," I said. "A sword swallower."

"You don't understand," he explained patiently. "That's my system. I've kept working and writing until I found something that made me want to buy razor blades. When I had the ad right, it gave me a regular jolt. I'm sort of psychic, I guess, because when things strike me like that, they hit other people the same way. Only it affects me much worse. After I read it, I just have to buy whatever I'm advertising, or I'd go crazy."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Hell, you're crazy now." We had come to an all-night drugstore. "Come on in, Dream Daddy. You go satisfy your passion for razor blades. Me, I'll go over to that big samovar at the lunch counter, and get the girl to narrow us out a little coffee."

THE next day, the boss wanted to revise Sylvester's copy. So did the client. But when I thought of that light in Sylvester's eyes, I was afraid to let them change a word of it. Of course, I didn't mention Sylvester's system to a soul, because in any business they still burn witches, one way or another. But I did wangle things so the ad ran exactly as Sylvester wrote it.

We started it in newspapers, four cities, for a test. It worked like magic. The sales were sensational, and before long it turned out to be a big national campaign in all the magazines.

Next, I put Sylvester on our big shirt account. Then on pickles. And when they both started going great guns, just like the razor blades, I knew we had a gold mine. Even Marion admitted the lad had genius. But she wouldn't say so to his face. She didn't actually make fun of him, but she never let out a word of praise. And I could see he was hungry for a kind word from her.

"It would be nice to win the respect of a person like that," he told me.

The poor kid didn't realize that Marion would never praise anybody.

"Look," I said, "I'll diagram it for you. Marion is a female. Females are funny. Some make too much fuss over men. Some don't make enough. That's because they're proud. Marion is smart. Pretty, too. But proud. It would just kill her to turn to somebody, a little humble, and say, 'You're wonderful.' But I'll tell you this. If she ever does say that to the right man, he's going to fall right plunk in love with her."

"Yes," said Sylvester, "I certainly would. I mean, somebody certainly will."

One night Sylvester took me to his apartment, a

little two-room walkup. It was a pleasant place, nice pictures, good books. But over in the far corner was the strangest collection you ever saw . . . a storage battery, a washing machine, a tricycle, and three bags of pastry flour.

"They're no real use to me," Sylvester explained, "I bought 'em when I wrote the ads."

"Tell me," I said, "what happened over at the other agency? Why did they let you go? You must have gotten results. Couldn't they put up with all the hocus-pocus?"

THEN he gave me the whole story. His ads worked fine, whenever they were run the way he wrote them. But everybody wanted to change them. So he told them they mustn't make revisions—they must obey his "voices." They figured they had a maniac on their hands and the rest was history.

"Well," I warned him, "don't let history repeat itself. I don't mind believing in miracles, so long as they work, but some people don't understand. The

boss, for instance. Anyway, I'm glad this came up, because in a month or so I have to go to the coast to start a new radio show. While I'm gone, try to act as normal as you can. Keep away from the chief. Either wire me or tell Marion."

Later on I realized what smart advice that was.

I was only on the coast a few weeks when I got a wire that read: "YOUR DOPEY WRITER IN JAIL STOP SHALL I RELEASE HIM OR REPLACE HIM MARION."

I caught the night plane for New York, arrived the next afternoon, and found Marion. She gave me the gory details.

The boss had thought up a big idea on our automobile account. He wanted to take five pages in the magazine and advertise all five models of the line. After Sylvester wrote the ads so well he hypnotized himself, he just naturally marched down to the show room and bought all five cars. The salespeople knew our agency handled the advertising account, so they didn't insist on a down payment. But when they came around to collect, the Trout (Continued on page 39)



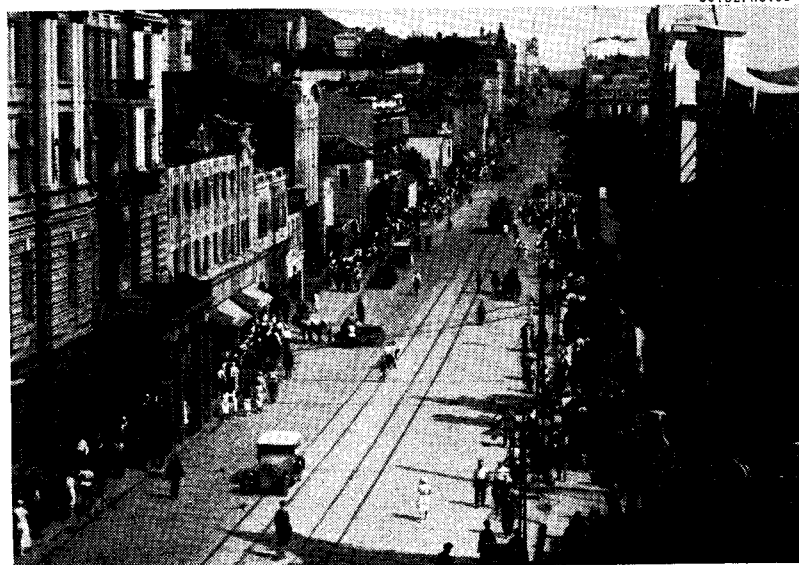
He kept looking at Marion with those imploring eyes of his. If she'd said one kind word, he'd have thrown himself at her feet. But she didn't let down an inch



Alert Soviet crews patrol the Far East coast

ROLF KLEP

SOYUZPHOTOS



Every important city in Japan, as well as in Manchukuo and Korea, lies within a 650-mile radius of impregnable Vladivostok, Russia's "dagger pointed at the heart of Japan." That's 4½ hours for a bombing plane. Below, Main Street in Vladivostok

When Russia Marches

By Jim Marshall

COLLIER'S STAFF WRITER IN THE ORIENT

Will the Red armies smash Japan's ambition to conquer an Asian empire larger than the United States, rule 300,000,000 people and plant the Sun Flag from the Arctic Ocean down to the Yangtze River? Mr. Marshall gives you a first-hand report

UNLESS most signs fail, within two years Japan is going to be master of an Asian Empire as big as the United States and boss of three hundred million people. Furthermore, the eastern edge of this empire is going to be only a skip and a hop, by plane, from Alaska. It will stretch north and south for twenty-six hundred miles from the Arctic to the Yangtze; east and west from Japan proper 'way over into Outer Mongolia—twelve hundred miles or so.

This picture about represents Japan's present ambitions. Just contemplating it has stirred up a more-or-less serious "Stop Japan!" movement in four major nations: China, America, the British Empire, Soviet Russia.

China has been trying to do some Japan-stopping for years, with great courage but without success.

America, unless all signs fail, will not fight.

The British Empire won't be ready to fight until 1940, when the rearmament program will have progressed far enough to base a fleet at Singapore and Hong Kong.

So, today, the only power that might stop Japan is Russia. But can Russia do it?

Since a war between Japan and Russia in the Orient is considered inevitable, the interesting question is: What has Russia got to fight with, and will she win? For months, military and naval intelligence sections of France, England, America and other nations have been trying to find the answer.

Boiled down, the consensus is: Russia has plenty of man power and material, but the morale of her army, navy and air force is an unknown quantity.

A popular supposition seems to be that the Soviets are "menaced" by the possibility of having to fight on eastern and western fronts at once. This idea occurred to the Russians some years ago. They did something about it. They not only built up complete and independent land-air-sea forces for their eastern front, but in Eastern Siberia they developed natural resources, built a dozen new industrial cities, constructed hundreds of miles of new railroads, established new ports and laid down thousands of miles of hard-surfaced roads.

In addition, they established a score of "collec-

or more to keep order in Manchuria, Korea and North China, all of which territory would be in a state of revolt, as most of it is at present.

Vladivostok's big rifles not only point seaward from hidden steel-and-concrete emplacements, but there is on the land side a ring of camouflaged forts about ten miles from the city. Military opinion is that the place is as impregnable as Gibraltar from the sea, because land batteries have an immense advantage in weight and fire-accuracy over ocean-borne guns. And to destroy the land-side forts, the Japanese would have to install semipermanent heavy batteries on concrete bases—in the face of shelling and bombing.

In addition to the land forces around the Soviet-Manchurian border, the Russians have a comparatively light force manning submarines and small surface craft at Vladivostok, Nikolaevsk and Russkaigavan, the two latter being newly developed ports facing across the strait to the western shore of Sakhalin Island.

The Threat of Vladivostok

At Vladivostok and other strategic points, the Red Republics have about 1,400 fighting planes—900 light and heavy bombers, 500 scout and observation ships. The total Japanese air force, which incidentally proved better than expected in the Shanghai fighting late in '37, numbers around 2,300 planes. Both sides have copied freely from American and French motors and planes, and which force is better is a matter of opinion.

Russia's army bases are dotted around the frontier. They are safer from air attack by Japan than are Japan's crowded cities from Russian bombers. It is the bombing, from Russian coast airdromes, of her humanity-packed industrial centers, that Japan fears most. That is why she must, to feel secure, capture Vladivostok and the coast territory and if possible push the Red front line back a thousand miles.

If you take a pair of compasses and draw a 650-mile circle with the center at Vladivostok, your line will include every major Nipponese city—Tokyo,

not only would pinch out the coast ports, but would divide the Russian forces and destroy their sources of supply and armament.

To meet this threat, the Russians have developed fantastic new aerial techniques. They are prepared to drop two-man tanks by parachute. They are carrying full-crewed armored cars between their landing wheels. They are transporting amphibian tanks by plane. They can drop a fully equipped regiment, by parachute, anywhere there is enough open space. If these stunts appear impossible, the answer is that foreign military observers have seen them done at maneuvers.

Of course, the Japanese can do these things, too, but up to now they haven't and the Red Army has the jump on them, because it has specialized on tanks and planes from the beginning. And tank-carrying planes cannot be built overnight; neither can regiments be taught in two weeks to jump from air squadrons and land fighting.

The Red Army's political section has worked out an aerial propaganda technique all its own. The old idea, still used by the Japanese in China, is to scatter leaflets from planes. This worked in the World War, but it doesn't any more.

On the Russian propaganda section's maps of enemy nations there are carefully marked out "disaffected areas." These are areas in which the people are rebellious, or radical, or grumbling about their government. They are the weak spots behind the enemy lines and it is the propaganda section's job to make them weaker—so that when the Red Army comes these areas may safely be left to second line or reserve troops for mopping up, leaving the crack divisions for the harder sections.

Any Red invasion of Manchuria would be preceded by the dropping, from planes, of trained troublemakers into "disaffected areas"—which in Manchuria means practically the whole country. These speakers-from-the-sky would stir up all the trouble they could, not by pamphlets, but by word of mouth, which the Marxian doctrine holds to be much more effective with poor and ignorant people.

The technique would hardly work in Japan, where



A machine gunner of Russia's Far Eastern army



Soviet border guards reach posts by air sled



Korean soldiers of the Russian Eastern army

tive farms," which are really concentration camps for reservists who can be armed and put into action almost overnight. Meanwhile, the farms produce food for the industrial workers in the cities. The Soviet estimate is that even if Japan drove north through Manchuria and cut the twin lines of the Trans-Siberian Railway, her eastern forces could fight for at least two years without communication with Moscow. This estimate, military experts say, is probably too optimistic. Russia has a tendency to run to paper plans rather than real performances.

But Russia is certainly able, for a time, to fight hard on two fronts if necessary—always admitting that army morale has been restored, or will be in the near future. It was badly shattered by the Stalin liquidation of military leaders accused of plotting his downfall.

In her eastern sections, Russia has about 400,000 men ready to fight. In addition, she would command the services of about 100,000 guerillas she has armed and trained in Manchuria—of whom more later. This gives her a possible 500,000 men, which is certainly as many as Japan probably could put into action, considering Japan's necessity for half a dozen divisions

Yokohama, Osaka, Nagoya, Kyoto, Shimonoseki, Kobe. Also, it will include, farther west, Dairen, the great and booming port that is the import and export gateway for Manchuria at the southern tip of the Kwantung peninsula. And your circle will include within its rim every major Manchurian city.

Now 650 miles is less than five hours' travel for a modern bomber—which is one fact every Japanese knows and worries about. Nippon's western shores are jammed with anti-aircraft batteries; her airdromes are located to send fleets of fighters into the air in short order. But there is always a chance that at least half of a fleet of attacking planes would get through—and do untold damage to industry and national morale. It might not be hard to spread panic among Japan's herded millions.

But, one way or another, Japan must capture Vladivostok, which her military leaders have pictured for years to her people as "a dagger pointed at the heart of Japan." If direct attack is considered too costly, the logical drive would be north through Korea and up the swift, high-banked Ussuri River into the new industrial empire the Soviets have created east and north of Lake Baikal. This move, if successful,

the police keep close tab on everyone and a new face in a precinct means official investigation. But even there, Japanese Communists might possibly have some success in hampering production and damping the war spirit in industrial cities where the people already are beginning to doubt the essential spirituality of imperialism.

Back of all the planes and tanks and artillery stands the Russian soldier, new style. How about him? What's he like? Is he better than his father, who failed so miserably against Japan in 1904?

The typical Red soldier of today is a big, healthy fellow, well fed, well clothed, well trained. The army teaches him to read and write; it sends him to school to become proficient at a trade. When he goes into the reserve after two to four years in the ranks, he becomes a village leader. He is a far different—and better—man from the moujik-in-uniform of czaristic days. He has modern equipment and knows how to use it. His job is an honorable one and he takes pride in it.

As one keen American military expert sized him up: "He's a damn' good man in anybody's war!"

But there's a weak spot in (Continued on page 51)



PHOTOMONTAGE BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Beauty in motion: Miss Vera Hrubá, Czechoslovakian figure-skating champion

Belles on their Toes

Ice skating is the newest epidemic sweeping the country, rising to fever pitch in figure skating. But you don't have to be an expert. Here's how to cut a fine figure from the start

By Ruth Seinfel

IT LOOKS like dancing but it feels more like flying. Or maybe it's like dancing with wings on your feet. Only they aren't wings, they're a pair of sturdy steel blades, and what you're doing is neither flying nor dancing, strictly speaking, but figure skating.

If you're not, you will be soon. Your chances of escaping this latest winter sport mania are less this year than ever. As the temperature goes down the ice fever goes up, and people who've tried it will fix you with a glittering eye and swear that this swooping, whirling, soaring motion hasn't an equal anywhere.

In New York people don't eat lunch any more. They stand craning around the little rink nestled under Mr. Rockefeller's skyscrapers and watch young ladies and elderly gentlemen cutting figure eights. In Europe they've had this idea for a long time—there's that mammoth rink in the heart of Vienna,

and Lake Vltava in Prague—but there they bring their skates along and join the waltz. We've just caught on over here but we're going ahead fast. There are fifty-odd member clubs in the United States Figure Skating Association, including Houston and Dallas, Texas, where you have to manufacture any ice you happen to want. And the big department stores have set up their racks of short-skirted frocks and gentlemen's skin-smooth knee breeches right beside the ski suits.

Consider young Vera Hrubá, the seventeen-year-old champion who has just come over to show us how they do this thing in Czechoslovakia. Vera was a baby ballerina in the National Theater of Prague from the age of five, but Papa Rudolf, a jeweler who was a bicycle-riding idol of the Czech population in his youth, was displeased because his daughter hated the cold, of which there is quite a bit in Prague. So he bought her a (Continued on page 50)

A Queen's Ransom

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

SOMEONE who signs himself "The Eye" sends young Penn Essex a series of threatening letters commanding him to hand over fifty thousand dollars. Then—as William Crane, a clever detective, and his assistant, Thomas O'Rourke, go to work on the case—Essex's sister, Camelia, is kidnaped!

Crane quickly finds two suspects: Roland Tortoni, a night-club owner to whom Essex (deeply in debt) owes twenty-five thousand dollars; and Count di Gregario, a Cuban revolutionist, with whom Camelia has become infatuated. But Tortoni is murdered, and no real evidence can be obtained against the count.

Among Essex's house guests are: Major Eastcomb, who entertains hopes of marrying Camelia; Tony Lamphier, another suitor; the Bouchers—Eve and her husband, Gregory (who is desperately in need of money); Sybil Langley, an actress; Dawn Day, a night-club entertainer; and Imago Paraguay, once a Cuban spy, now a professional dancer. While Crane, O'Rourke and two aides, Doc Williams and Eddie Burns, are keeping an eye on them, Imago Paraguay dies under mysterious circumstances—and Crane suspects that she has been poisoned!

A few days later, Essex (obeying "The Eye's" instructions) leaves fifty thousand dollars (which he obtains from the administrators of Camelia's trust fund) under a near-by canal bridge; and, although the spot is under close surveillance, the money disappears!

Crane now springs a surprise. He announces that "The Eye" is Essex!

Essex denies the charge for a time; then, when the ransom bills are found on his person and in his car, he confesses. He and Tortoni, it appears, had planned the entire thing; unfortunately he does not know where Tortoni's hired kidnapers are now hiding with Camelia.

Crane listens to the confession; at its conclusion he proves conclusively that Essex is guilty of the murder of the Paraguay girl! Essex is promptly arrested.

Learning that a boat, the owners of which carry Tommy guns, is cruising about near Key West, Crane and O'Rourke, accompanied by Tony Lamphier, go there. Hiring a boat and its skipper, old Captain Luther, they go in search of the mystery vessel, which they soon find. A fight ensues; Captain Luther is shot, and when Crane, having boarded the boat, tries to wrest a pistol from an adversary, he sees something descending, tries to duck and . . .

Conclusion

BEING tossed down the steps to the cabin floor brought him to. His hands and feet were bound with cord. He could feel the heat of the two engines, could smell gasoline and oil. A voice said, "You two move and we'll plug ya," and Tony Lamphier dropped heavily beside him, half across his feet, half on the cabin floor. He could feel warm blood trickling over his forehead, down his cheek. His ears roared; his head was filled with exquisite pain; he would have liked to hold his head with his hands, but they were tied. It was dark in the cabin.

A woman's voice, frightened, whispered, "Who is it?"

Tony Lamphier got to a sitting position. "Camelia!"

"Who is it?"

"Tony."

"Oh!" Her voice was glad. "Oh, Tony."

"Darling."

"I knew you'd come."

"Darling."

"I knew you'd come, Tony."

"Are you all right, darling? Where are you?"

"I was so frightened."

"Where are you?"

"On the bed." There was a pause and then she said, "Come up, Tony."

"I can't. I'm tied."

There was another pause.

"They've tied me, too," she said.

"Poor darling."

Crane moved his position so that his head was near the cabin entrance. He could hear voices outside. It was almost dark now. A voice which he recognized as that of the granite-faced blond was shouting:

"Come on, Toad. Scram. She's sinkin'."

"Don't worry. I'm all right," said Toad. Frankie, authority in his voice, said, "Come on, Toad."

Tony Lamphier had moved to the other end of the cabin, just below Camelia's bunk.

"Who's with you?" she asked.

"Crane."

"Did they shoot him?"

"No. They wounded our captain."

"Badly?"

"I don't know."

"How did you find us?"

"Crane heard about men shooting sailfish with machine guns."

"Yes. They do it every day." Her voice was soft. "Oh, Tony, I'm so glad you've come."

"I'm afraid we're not much help."

"Oh, you are. I've been so frightened."

"Darling."

Someone came down the cabin stairs, stepped on Crane, almost fell. He kicked Crane heavily in the stomach, then shoved him farther into the cabin. "Keep outa tha way," he growled. By hand he started first one engine, then the other. He turned a flashlight on Captain Luther.

"Gran'pappy's still out cold," he called up the stairs.

He turned the flashlight on Camelia Essex. "Holdin' up, toots?" he asked.

She didn't reply.

He said, "Still givin' us tha Ritz," and went up the stairs.

ABOUT ten o'clock the Kate put in at Little Hog Key. At least that was what Crane heard the man with the granite face call it. The man with the granite face was named George and he had apparently been a rum-runner in the old

days. He piloted the boat, held himself aloof from the whispered conversation of the others. They were trying to determine what should be done with Crane and Lamphier. All were drinking rum out of a jug.

They were quite close to shore. Crane could hear the mewling of disturbed sea birds, the rustle of branches being pushed aside, the lapping of water on land. His ears still roared from the noise of the engines and his skin burned from their heat. The engines ran hot and once George had come down and tinkered with them. After a time he wiped his hands on a piece of oil waste, threw it in a corner of the cabin and went up the stairs.

"It's either timin' or the water pump," he reported to Frankie.

Camelia Essex had gone to sleep.

"Poor kid," said Tony Lamphier to Crane. "She's been scared to death."

"I don't blame her," said Crane.

For ten minutes the Kate lay at rest. Cool air came in the portholes, fanned away some of the engine heat, gradually took the cherry-red glow from the muffler and the exhaust pipe. Waves murmured faintly under the boat, against the shore.

Two men appeared at the head of the cabin stairs. The voice of Frankie said, "Bring wise guy out here."

The men grasped Crane under his armpits, dragged him up the stairs. They flung him on a leather-covered seat by the port rail. "Here's wise guy," one of them said.

Moonlight bathed the deck, the dark key, the ocean with silver. The sky was lavender and the great moon was the color of a honeydew melon. It was the

(Continued on page 34)



Crane went back into the cabin and picked up Camelia Essex and carried her up the stairs. She was unconscious

Black Magic

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

A master criminal meets a master magician—an adventure of Bazarada



HE IS one of the most cunning criminals alive," said Bazarada tensely; "that's all." From the open window at which I stood, I could see a flowery headland and the blue sea of Funchal Harbor.

"I asked you to come out and meet me here, Maurice—I've sent Laroo and all the rest on back to England—because quite by accident I picked up certain information on the ship. I decided that the man known as Dr. Sarafan, highly respected resident of Madeira, and the notorious Servius Jerome were one and the same! I had had a long radiogram from my old friend Ned W. Regan in New York, asking me to look out for Jerome."

"So the man is up to his old tricks?"

"With a difference this time, Maurice! You say that the facts of the case had not been made public up to the time you left London, but briefly this man Jerome succeeded in getting Mary Coppinger, only daughter of Mark Coppinger, the drugstore millionaire, completely under his thumb. Mary was staying in London with her aunt, Mrs. Burton Dugan. Jerome was a regular visitor. He has some extraordinary power over women—and no one, it seems, knew of his foul reputation. Three weeks ago Mary disappeared—so did Jerome! Now, her father, back in New York, has been invited to pay a hundred thousand dollars—"

"Yes!" I turned and stared at him. "It's the most unique form of blackmail I ever heard of."

"A hundred thousand dollars *not* to marry the girl. It's certainly original! You see, the blackguard figures, once they are married, old Coppinger will pay anything to secure a divorce. He has him both ways."

"But you say he refused?"

"He instructed Ned Regan right away and started for Europe. I radioed Regan to come here and I expect him and Mark Coppinger at almost any time. But the colossal impudence of Dr. Sarafan, as he is known in this town, amazes me."

I was glad to know that Regan was coming. The most famous detective in the world is a sound ally, and Buzzy, who had no concrete evidence to support his case, had met with a cold reception from the authorities. Dr. Sarafan had a large *quinta* within easy distance of Funchal, which he occupied from time to time, and the civil governor had frankly laughed at Bazarada. The American consul had proved little more helpful. This, particularly, had irritated Buzzy. Then Dr. Sarafan in person had been announced; at that moment was ascending the stairs.

His card lay on the table: "Dr. Emmanuel Sarafan."

Now the owner of the card was approaching the door, and both Buzzy and I were watching that door—for one of the most evil men alive was about to enter. A peremptory knock sounded.

"Come in," said Bazarada.

The door opened slowly and Servius Jerome walked into the room.

The mere act of writing the man's name fills me with something of the loathing which I had experienced when first I saw him. Scotland Yard has a stout dossier in its files respecting this unfrocked priest who had become a practicing black magician. Cunningly he had avoided criminal prosecution, but had been expelled from England, then from France.

THE man had deep knowledge allied to the instincts of Satan, and, in return for substantial sums, initiated his victims into strange rites. Ruin—in three cases, death—marked his footsteps through Europe. His notorious Temple of Adonis in Sicily had been secretly visited by Bazarada at the request of the parents of a girl whom Jerome had robbed of most of her possessions and then driven mad. Bazarada had succeeded in breaking up the unsavory organization.

And now Servius Jerome stood before us.

He was a man of no more than medium height, but of powerful frame, with massive, intellectual features and piercing dark eyes shadowed by craggy brows. He was rather bald in front but his graying dark hair grew long at the back. He was dressed in black and wore an unusual caped overcoat. In one slender white hand, upon which a conspicuous talismanic ring glittered, he held a wide-brimmed black hat.

He ignored my existence and stared across the room at Bazarada.

Words fail to convey the aura which surrounded him.

His face might have had the dignity of profound scholarship but for subtle lines that had scarred its beauty. Jerome was not a man to be ignored. He radiated evil. He was a figure of power. I doubt if any man living today has studied the dark mysteries of nature more deeply than Servius Jerome. If there be such a man I do not envy him.

Bazarada's fixed regard met the challenge of those strange eyes. Two powerful wills clashed.

"Well?" said Servius Jerome, and his voice betrayed his priestly training. "Have you anything to say to me, Bazarada?"

"Not yet," Buzzy replied quietly.

Jerome continued to watch him. Although it may sound a queer confession, I was glad he was not watching me. Frankly, there was something in this man's presence that I found terrifying.

"You crossed my path a year ago," he said, "thrusting yourself into my private affairs. The greatest experiment of my life you ruined, when you caused me to be expelled from Sicily. Bazarada, I never forgot. You are a conjurer—a vaudeville artist. You work with traps and mirrors and other mechanical devices. You call yourself a magician! What do you know of magic?"

Bazarada continued to watch him but did not speak.

"Magic is the power to control others, Bazarada. As Dr. Sarafan I have been known and respected in Madeira for many years. You have tried to tell the authorities that Dr. Sarafan is Servius Jerome. They laugh. Why? Because I have asserted my control. My magic above yours."

"You suspect that a certain lady wishes to marry me. You cannot understand—therefore you come here to interfere with me. You will be good enough to give your assurance that you will remain outside my affairs. Or, if you prefer, you will bear the consequences of your refusal."

Then Bazarada spoke. He did not stir; his heavy-lidded eyes scarcely flickered.

"You have the impudence to suppose," he said, "that you can abduct the daughter of a prominent United States citizen, and by means of your *magic* escape the consequences. You expose yourself, Jerome, to a form of retaliation which undoubtedly would do you good. In other words"—he suddenly stood up, and I saw Jerome's delicate fingers tighten upon the brim of the black hat—"unless you are out of this room in exactly fifteen seconds I am going to kick you downstairs!"

The almost unnatural composure of this master of the black arts did not for a moment desert him.

Servius Jerome slightly inclined his head, turned and went out. I heard his slow, retreating footsteps in the corridor.

"Tonight," said Bazarada, "we are going to visit the Quinta de Santa Lucia. I have been there once but I want to see Mary Coppinger. . . ."

AROUND us was moonlight and woodland. Look as far as I would at straight, upstanding pines, nothing stirred in the mystic blue light. Left of the mountain road was sheer rock. Above and beyond,

the forest climbed to some peak we could not see.

Higher we mounted and higher. There were awkward corners where we seemed to overhang tree-clad slopes, hairpin bends above dizzy pine tops. For a long time Bazarada drove in silence, then:

"We are nearly there, Maurice," he said. "We have to walk the last lap. The sound of the car would ruin our plans."

There came a sort of moon-bathed clearing in the woodland and Buzzy drove into a shadowy bay. We got out.

We set out along a mere forest track, Bazarada using a flashlight to guide us. This path mounted very steeply. And I stumbled in his wake.

"There must be some other way to the place," I said.

"There is," he replied curtly. "But we dare not use it."

A few paces farther and shadow gave place to bright moonlight. Bazarada snapped off the light.

"Look," he said, "there is the Quinta de Santa Lucia."

I stood beside him looking in the direction he indicated. A low, rambling building, obviously of great age, overhung a deep ravine. Moonlight poured down upon it like molten silver.

"It was on what used to be a main road, but a road now barely used; and it was formerly a guest house connected with a monastery of which no trace remains. Look! There's a car driving up now."

I watched. The headlights of the car came slowly around a precipitous road and disappeared into the shadows of the building.

"A visitor for Servius Jerome."

"Probably the priest. Mary Copping was under age, and an heiress, when Jerome induced her to go away. Therefore he laid himself open to prosecution for abduction! But tomorrow is her twenty-first birthday. If he succeeds in marrying her, the case will become complicated. This way."

He extended his hand and led me, otherwise I could never have followed the crazy path which we pursued, and which I divined he had explored earlier. It led to a sort of outbuilding, formerly, as I saw, a stable, and here we pulled up.

"Stand by, Maurice," said Buzzy.

I listened to a familiar fumbling. We were hidden by a belt of black shadow cast by the full moon; then:

"Inside! Quick!" I heard.

I found myself in a place, illuminated by Bazarada's flashlight, which, as I had assumed, had at one time afforded accommodation for quite a dozen horses.

"Follow on," Buzzy instructed; "walk softly."

AT THE end of the place there was more fumbling—and another door had magically been opened.

"Stairs!" Bazarada whispered.

We mounted a number of stairs.

"Take the torch. I am uncertain of this lock."

I directed the ray upon the lock of a great iron-studded door which no man but Bazarada would have dreamed of attempting to force. About us all was silent; but I was apprehensive of the very silence. I watched him at work as so often I had watched, and suddenly the door was open.

"Sorry for the delay," he murmured. "An old-fashioned Portuguese lock for which I was not looking. Go easy now—we are in the house of Servius Jerome."

In the torchlight I saw a corridor, the floor covered with coarse matting; heavy beams and rough plaster work took me back to the age in which this corridor had been planned.

"Step softly! If there is anyone in the room we are going to, the success or failure of our visit turns upon silencing him."

He opened an unlocked door and stared into a small room. There was a lighted opening on the farther side. It resembled an opera box and I saw that it was empty.

"I had come provided," Buzzy whispered, "but it is unnecessary. Close the door. Don't bolt it."

I did as he directed, turned and looked in the direction of the light.

Below me was a small chapel.

"I anticipated a chapel," said Bazarada softly. "It is characteristic. Servius Jerome, as you know, poses as a high priest of some religion purely of his own invention. I assume that it is here, tomorrow, that the wedding is planned to take place. I wonder if the priest will be a real priest? This we must find out. I deduce that he will be. A legal marriage would suit Jerome's purpose."

I was about to move when Bazarada gripped my arm tightly.

Servius Jerome, wearing a (Continued on page 31)



Her expression was that of a sleepwalker. "Yes?" she said in a dreamy voice

East of Broadway

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



Linda held tightly to him and Eddie said, "We're going to have to do some mighty clear thinking"

The Story Thus Far:

STRANDED in a small Southern town, Eddie Lawson, a professional dancer, meets a girl, Linda Waring, hears her sing, realizes at once that, given the chance, she could make good on Broadway. He urges her to go to New York, under his management. She refuses to go—what would the gossips say? Whereupon, Eddie makes a startling suggestion: That they become husband and wife, legally, with the secret understanding that their relationship remain the same as before the wedding!

A short time later—married in name only—they are at work in New York: Eddie as master of ceremonies at a cheap night spot, Linda as a singer at various places which are not patronized by Park Avenue. Among their friends is Andrew North. North is known as a racketeer; but he is so obviously fond of them both, so generous, so charming, that they cannot believe the ugly stories they hear about him.

The stories are true; North is a thoroughgoing scoundrel. He has recently learned something concerning Eddie Lawson that even Eddie does not know: that Eddie Lawson (whose real name is Oscar Blunt) is the owner of stock worth a quarter of a million dollars! Having secured all the details from a lawyer, Morton L. Bemis, he has murdered Bemis—and made tentative plans for gaining possession of that stock!

Through the co-operation of Vernon Gregg, master of ceremonies at the brilliant new Casino de Broadway, Linda gets a job at one of the best night clubs in New York. Unaware that Gregg is an unscrupulous cad who, having double-crossed Eddie once, is eager to repeat the performance, Linda begs him to give Eddie a boost to a better position.

Again Gregg co-operates, and Eddie goes to work at the Hotbox. But when Gregg, intoxicated, insults Linda—at a party given by Andrew North—Eddie knocks him down. Whereupon, the fellow, in a rage, sees to it that Eddie is discharged.

Thus far, Andrew North has made no definite plans. Now he knows what he is going to do: *commit another murder!* When Gregg informs him that Linda is coming to his apartment, to discuss Eddie's troubles, at ten o'clock that evening, the racketeer goes into action. He steals Gregg's revolver; he gets possession of a passkey to a vacant apartment next to Gregg's.

Then he drops in for a "friendly" call on Vernon Gregg. They talk of this and that. They touch on the subject of Gregg's ten-o'clock date. "I think," North says, smiling, "that you're liable to have a mighty interesting evening. I wouldn't be surprised if a lot of things happened."

VII

LINDA was wearing a black afternoon frock under her simple cloth coat when she alighted from the taxi, walked unnoticed through the tiny lobby of Vernon Gregg's apartment house, entered the elevator, and said, "Twelve, please."

She wasn't at all apprehensive. Her objective overshadowed in importance even the knowledge that she was running a slight risk, and all the way over in the cab she had been coolly determining a course of action.

Naturally, she knew what Gregg was thinking, and she wasn't disturbed in the slightest. She realized that he was a profound egoist, and that her best chance was to carry the verbal battle to him, and so when he opened the door and said, "Linda! You look gorgeous!" she felt very much at ease, those being the precise words which she had known he would say. It was like a cue, and she had her answer ready, "Of course I do, Vern. It's all for you."

He helped her off with her coat, and duly admired the dress which he secretly thought was entirely too plain, although it did no injustice to her firm little figure. She settled herself in a chair, refused a cigarette, and said brightly, "Well, Vern—where are they?"

"Where are what?"

"Your etchings."

He frowned in slight bewilderment. "My etchings?"

"Surely. Isn't that what you brought me up here to see?"

Gregg said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Of course you do," she laughed. "But skip it—I'm half starved."

He conducted her into the dining alcove and seated her at a table which was resplendent with crystal. "Nothing much," he apologized, "just a few sandwiches and things, and some champagne."

She reached for a sandwich. "May I, Vern?"

"Please. That's caviar. Genuine Romanoff."

"Imagine that."

He tried his usual approach: "I know a limerick about caviar—"

"So do I. Honey taught it to me at the party the other night."

"You've learned a heap since you got to New York."

"I reckon I have. I was mighty stupid back home."

She paused. "So you had Eddie fired?"

"Yes. Got a big kick out of it."

"You're like two children. You both ought to be spanked. Now you know good and well, Vern—that you're too big a man to carry a grudge that far."

He shook his head. "I ain't that big, Linda. No man can take a poke at me and get away with it."

"You were awfully intoxicated . . . and you weren't being very discreet, either." (Continued on page 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY L. TIMMINS

"Not that one," he told me. "I seen you using a different one." I had several and I let him pick out the one he wanted

The Important Point

By William MacHarg

How to make a pencil put the finger on a killer. Detective O'Malley demonstrating the method, in the same old foxy manner

THIS case," O'Malley said, "an old guy got knocked off in a roof bungalow. He lived there. He owned that building and some other buildings and he didn't have no business except to manage his properties. He sold some property for eleven thousand dollars and he had it in cash and somebody bumped him off and took the dough. His name was Shelt."

"Have you any idea who did it?" I inquired.

"I don't know a thing about the case. They got a guy at the station house for questioning."

We saw the man at the station house. He was twenty-six years old and muscular and hard-looking. His name was Wallman and he was a real-estate agency clerk.

"How was it about the old fellow getting bumped?" O'Malley asked him. "I won't answer any questions from a cop."

"What have you got on this guy?" O'Malley asked one of the officers.

"He was the only one that knew the old boy had the money."

"Well, there ain't no use holding a guy for questioning if he won't answer questions," O'Malley decided. "We better go look at this."

WE WENT to the scene of the murder. It was an East Side tenement. Five flights of stairs led us to a metal door onto the roof and I was surprised because the roof was beautiful. A small bungalow with bright awnings stood among flower boxes and evergreens and a uniformed cop was reading a newspaper under a beach umbrella.

"What do you know about this?" O'Malley asked the cop.

"This old bird lived here alone. He was sixty-four years old and he didn't have no relatives. A colored woman came in and got his breakfast and fixed up the place for him, and he took his other meals out. Evenings he went and sat around in cafés and talked with whoever he might meet there. Maybe

he talked too much, because last night somebody came and bust the roof door in and pushed him off and took his kale. This morning the colored woman found him."

"Pushed him off how?"

"They beat his head in with a pistol butt."

"You seem to know a lot about the guy."

"I just heard what they said about him. This used to be my beat here but I didn't know the old man."

We examined the door. It appeared to have been forced open. Then we examined the bungalow. There was no sign there had been a struggle. A small wall safe in the bedroom wasn't locked. There were easy chairs in the living room and shelves of books and a cellarette well filled with excellent liquors.

"This guy liked to be comfortable," O'Malley commented. "Well, I suppose we got to find out what we can."

We questioned the tenants. They hadn't heard anything the night before. They hadn't noticed any stranger hanging around the building, and we could find no one who had seen Shelt come home the night before.

"Nothing in this," O'Malley concluded. "I guess we'll go ask about that dough."

We saw the man at the real-estate agency who had paid Shelt the money. His name was Marx.

"How well you know this guy Shelt?" O'Malley asked him.

"I had had other business dealings with him."

"How come he had that money all in cash?"

THAT was his custom. He wouldn't sign anything unless the payment was in cash. I imagine he had had trouble sometime over a check. A client of ours bought a vacant lot from him and gave us

his check, and I sent a clerk to the bank and got the cash and had it ready for Shelt when he came in."

"The clerk was that guy Wallman?" "That's right."

"I guess you don't know if Shelt usually kept much money at his place."

"Yes; I do know—happens that he mentioned it. He got in here after bank closing—he had meant to get here earlier. He said he was sorry his bank had no night depository because he didn't usually keep money in his home."

"And there didn't nobody but you and Wallman know he had that currency?"

"That's all."

"This is a funny piece of business," O'Malley said after we had left.

"What's funny?" I asked. "Don't you suspect the clerk, Wallman?"

"Sure; I suspect everybody. The trouble with being a cop is you get so you think there can't nobody be innocent. This Shelt spent his evenings in cafés. A guy that hangs out in cafés does some drinking and a guy that drinks talks. It might be like that cop said: Maybe Shelt let slip in some café about the money he was carrying, then somebody went to his place and pushed him off."

"Why don't you ask in the cafés?"

"I was just going to."

We went to several cafés. Shelt was known in them but they didn't remember seeing him the night before. We didn't find out anything and I didn't expect we would. There were a lot more cafés in the neighborhood and O'Malley was going to them, but I got tired of it. I went about my business, but I met him later in the day.

"HAVE you found any suspect except Wallman?" I asked him.

"Nobody. This is just like it was before. I ain't found out nothing. They knew Shelt in all them cafés but they claim they didn't see him yesterday. It turns out this Wallman might have had a motive. He's a gay dog when he ain't at his office and has been spending more money than he makes. The laboratory cops say that door wasn't really forced. Everybody in this neighborhood knew Shelt but there didn't nobody notice him when he come home last night. This case begins to look to me like one of them murders that just happen."

I didn't know what he meant.

"Like this," he explained. "Two guys are together and one of 'em has a motive like maybe the need of money. Still, he ain't had no thought of murder. All of a sudden it comes to him that, without him meaning it, things have worked out so that if he knocked off the other guy nobody would ever know he done it. He does it, and we can't solve the case, and I don't think we'll solve this one."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know nothing to do except maybe start the case over and see if there's anything we missed."

We went back to the bungalow. I sat and talked with the uniformed policeman while O'Malley re-examined the place. He went about the different rooms making notes and sketches in his notebook. Then he came out to us because he had broken his lead pencil. I gave him another one.

"Not that one," he told me. "I seen you using a different one."

I had several and I let him pick out the one he wanted and he went inside again. He came out finally.

"Well, how about it?" I inquired.

"Why, I don't find nothing different from what we found before. This dead guy got found in his living room and there's blood there but there's blood in the bedroom too. It looks like he got hit first in the bedroom. His pocketbook was in his pocket and it was empty and there wasn't no fingerprints on it but his. The idea seems to be he had taken

the money out of his pocket and was putting it into the safe and somebody come up behind him and bumped him on the head. He fell down and bled there but got up again and they finally knocked him off in the living room. Well, who? The fingerprint guys found no fingerprints but his and we got no other evidence, so we got no way of telling."

WE LEFT there. O'Malley was going to the precinct station but we didn't get there because he found that he had lost his notebook. We went back to the roof and found the notebook under the chair where I'd been sitting.

"Funny I didn't notice it," the uniformed cop observed.

"Sure," O'Malley said. "Wash your hands."

"Have you gone batty?" the cop inquired. "What would I wash my hands for?"

O'Malley went into the bungalow and wet his hands and came out and grasped the cop's hands and their fingers turned purple.

"Well, I ain't never arrested a policeman," O'Malley said, "and I won't start

him planning it, everything had worked around so that, if he knocked the old guy off, there wasn't no reason he would ever be suspected.

"It was dark when they come over to the East Side and he remembered they hadn't passed nobody on the street that recognized them and there hadn't been nobody in the halls when they come into Shelt's building.

"Shelt took the money out of his pocketbook and went and put it in the safe and when he started to shut the safe DeMancy was standing right behind him, and he bumped the old man a couple of times on top of his head with the butt of his service pistol. The old guy fell down and looked to be dying. DeMancy went and washed up the glasses they had been using and put 'em away, and put the liquor away, and he wiped up wherever he might have left his fingerprints, and made the place look like nobody had been there; and while he was doing that, Shelt come to and crawled out into the living room and DeMancy had to bump him again.

"Then it come to DeMancy that he'd better make the place look like it had been busted into, so he went and

poisons; or if it's a robbery, he makes the remark he ain't been in need of money.

"Well, the first time we seen that cop he had went out of his way to say he didn't know this Shelt. He had been on post in that neighborhood, and all the other cops around there knew Shelt, and still this one guy said he didn't; and he knew all about how Shelt lived and about him frequenting cafés. Of course we was finding them things out, but it looked like DeMancy knew 'em before we did. He said Shelt was bumped off with a pistol butt and all the medical examiner had said was that it looked like that."

"I SEE," I said. "DeMancy gave himself away in a very silly fashion."

"Yeah? It didn't look silly to you until you knew the answer. Well, I couldn't hardly believe DeMancy done this murder, but I wondered was there some way I could find out. I and you went back to Shelt's place and I looked it over figuring what could be done. The place had been fingerprinted and they hadn't found no prints except Shelt's but they said it looked like some places had been wiped up. Well, if some guy had wiped up prints, it meant he was the guilty one. Of course it wouldn't mean nothing if we found DeMancy's prints; he had been detailed to watch the place and he might have touched something. But it would mean plenty if DeMancy wiped his prints up."

"I remembered I had seen you using an indelible pencil, so I broke mine and went and borrowed yours. Then I put in my notebook that the fingerprint job that had been done wasn't satisfactory because some places seemed to have been overlooked, and I made a note in the book what them places was. Then I put scrapings off your indelible pencil in them places—the inside of the safe and the inside of the cellarette and some other places. If DeMancy wiped them places up he would get the dust on his hands. I didn't care if he washed his hands afterward, because that stuff ain't easy to get off and some stains would be left. Then I went out and talked with you, and I lost my notebook in a place where I was sure DeMancy would find it."

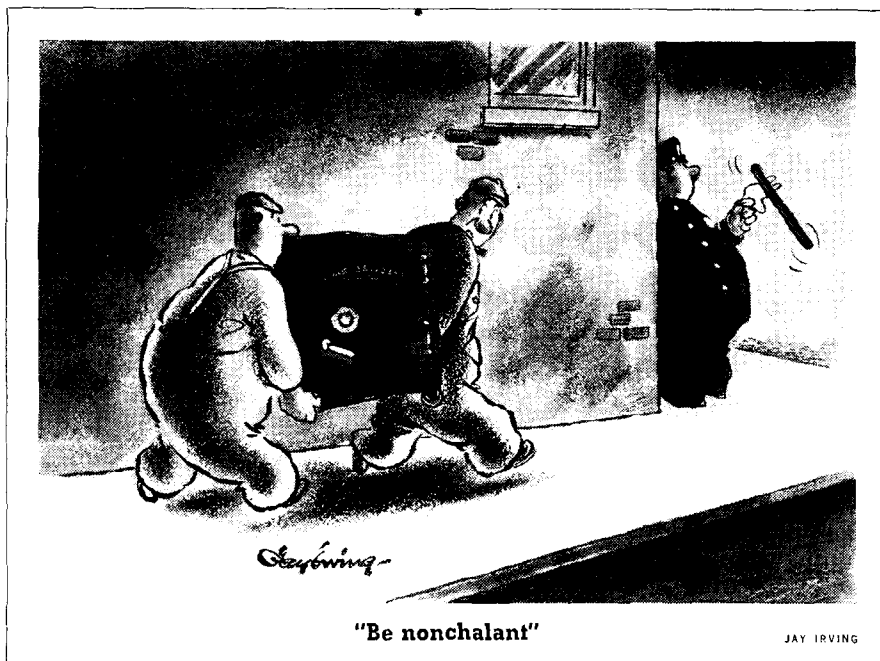
"A neat plant!" I commented.

"Sure, it worked out all satisfactory. I and you went over to the station house and then we come back. DeMancy said he hadn't noticed the notebook but I knew he had, and he had read in it the places I said had ought to be re-fingerprinted. If he had done nothing, I'd have figured he was innocent. But the one thing a guilty guy can't never do is do nothing. A guy who's been in a place a while ain't never quite sure what things he might have touched."

SO THIS dumb cluck went and wiped them places up before they could get re-fingerprinted. He got some dust on his hands but he didn't think nothing of it, but when I wet that dust it turned to ink. He'd used his handkerchief to wipe the places, and when we put his handkerchief in water at the station house that turned purple too; and then we showed the guy how dumb he'd been, and he confessed the murder and told us where he'd hid the money. DeMancy figures it was just his bad luck that, being a cop, he got detailed to watch the place where he had done a murder, and that except for that he wouldn't have been caught. Well, all crooks that get caught figure it was just bad luck."

"A surprising case, O'Malley!" I remarked.

"Well, I don't want no more of them surprises. If I got to go round guessing which is the cops and which is the crooks, they'll be locking me up in a nice quiet asylum."



doing it now, but you got to come with us to the station house."

We all went to the station house. O'Malley took the cop into an inner room. I wasn't sure in my own mind what I had seen happen. Then a couple of plain-clothes cops came from inside and went away in a police car, and I asked the desk officer and some other officers what was going on, but they didn't know. Then the two plain-clothes cops came back and they had eleven thousand dollars, and I waited for O'Malley to come out.

"This seems inexplicable," I said to him. "Was it the policeman that killed Shelt?"

"Sure."

"But how and for what reason?"

"Why, for eleven thousand dollars. Shelt got paid that money at the real-estate office on the West Side. He was starting to carry the money to where he lived on the East Side and he run across that cop, who was out of uniform. The cop's name is DeMancy. He was one time on post in the street where Shelt lived and Shelt knew him like he knew all the cops in that neighborhood. He told the cop he was carrying money and would the cop take him home. The cop said he would."

"They sat around then and had some drinks together. This DeMancy was in trouble about money, but he says he didn't have no idea of robbing the old man till they was drinking together up at Shelt's place; then he seen how, without

jammed up the door. Then he waited until there wasn't nobody stirring in the building and he got out without nobody seeing him, and he went home and hid the money."

"A remarkable piece of business!" I declared. "When did you first suspect the cop?"

"Well, I can't really tell when or even how much I really did suspect him. A guy works on a case and little things happen that don't seem to mean nothing, but still he remembers 'em, and maybe when he gets enough of them things they begin to fit together. It looked like that Wallman might have did this killing because he wouldn't tell nothing, but still I couldn't quite figure it was him. As it turns out, Wallman couldn't tell where he was that night without involving a woman, and, being innocent, he figured he'd get out of it anyway. If it wasn't Wallman, it looked like it might be someone from them cafés, but I couldn't find no one even to suspect. Well, then, who was it?"

I DON'T know when I begun to think about the cop. It's funny about us policemen: a cop laughs at crooks for the mistakes they make, but if he goes and does a crime himself he makes the same mistakes that they do. One thing a crook almost always does is, before he even is suspected, he makes remarks to show how impossible it is he could have did that crime. If it's a poisoning, he lets drop he don't know nothing about

Think Twice of their Safety!

NO other car in the world can give you all of Oldsmobile's famous safety features. Oldsmobile originated the Safety Instrument Unit which groups all instruments on a direct line of vision before the driver's eyes. Oldsmobile developed and introduced the Automatic Safety Transmission which provides greater flexibility and simplified car control. In addition, Oldsmobile offers a score of other safety advantages—including Safety Dash, Safety Interiors, Knee-Action Wheels, Center-Control Steering, Super-Hydraulic Brakes and Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher with Safety Glass. Think of *Safety* first when you select your new car—and you'll think first of Oldsmobile.



THE EIGHT

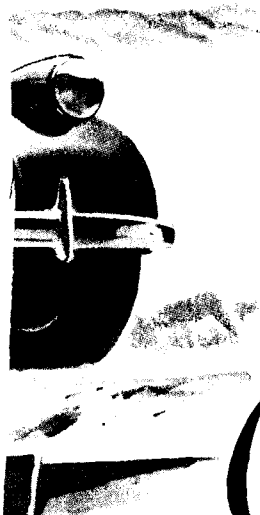
NOWHERE ELSE CAN MONEY BUY SO MUCH!

Style-Leader Styling • Safety Dash with Safety Instrument Unit
Safety Interiors • 95-Horsepower Six • 110-Horsepower Eight
Knee-Action Wheels • Super-Hydraulic Brakes • Center-Control
Steering • Unisteel Body by Fisher • No Draft Ventilation

Automatic Safety Transmission . . . optional at extra cost



New Safety Instrument Unit with Safety Dash
Controls, speedometer and gauges are grouped in a single
clearly viewed unit directly in front of the driver. The dash
is free from sharp projecting knobs and handles. The car
illustrated is equipped with the Automatic Safety Trans-
mission . . . optional at extra cost on all 1938 models.



Step Ahead and Be Money Ahead!
DRIVE AN
Oldsmobile
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

THE STORY BEHIND



Typewriter keys fly. Flash...the presses are waiting...the copy boy rushes each sheet to the composing room for setting. On a newspaper, reporters and editors have no time to write by hand or read handwriting.



Pictures by wire. A photograph is put on a cylinder. As it turns, an "electric eye" picks the image up—transmits it within a few minutes over a telephone wire to a steel receiving machine thousands of miles away.



Type is set. On these almost human type machines of steel, precise to 1/100 of an inch, the written word is transformed into a line of type by the touch of a key. The paper is about to "go to pre

THE NEWS IS A STORY OF STEEL



17 tons of paper . . one daily uses 60 loads like this a day. The cost would be prohibitive if it weren't for steel machines that in three minutes turn out enough to cover an acre.

1000 newspapers a minute. They put a roll of newsprint in . . the steel presses go round and round . . and automatically out come 60,000 complete, 32-page papers an hour, folded, ready to read. Then they are delivered—by steel trucks.

A RIVER bursts its banks; a hurricane strikes; an earthquake occurs. At once steel springs into action.

Typewriter keys fly, cables hum, cameras click, pictures go out over wires. By telephone, telegraph and teletype, steel helps speed the word.

In newspaper plants, long batteries of steel linotype machines set the news in type. Giant steel presses print, cut, fold and count as many as 60,000 complete newspapers an hour. And finally, steel in the form of a fleet of trucks and fast trains speeds your paper to you.

Under "date lines" from every corner of the globe, the world's news reaches you almost as soon as it happens, through the country's 14,000 newspapers. The gathering and publishing of the news is an industry employing nearly 200,000 men and women—and a lot of steel.

Take just one item, for instance: Six months are required to build and install a giant newspaper press. And in a normal year the country's newspapers buy \$15,000,000 worth of presses to maintain the superb service they render every town and village, every day in the year.

Today's world is a world of steel. The metallurgists in the 89 laboratories of United States Steel, and the workers in the mills, play a vitally important part in the progress of industry. These men are constantly at work developing special types of steel for special purposes, helping to produce more lasting and useful products. To any company whose product might be improved by better steel, we say—"put it up to Steel." Any of the Companies listed will welcome your inquiry.



AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
CARNegie-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY
CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY • FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY
NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • SCULLY
STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY
UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

UNITED STATES STEEL

... Land a Big One?



PHOTOGRAPHER: "A le-e-etle wider smile, please. I want all the enjoyment of this big moment right in the picture."

FISHERMAN: "Okay, professor! Press the bulb, and we'll go DOUBLE OUR ENJOYMENT with a round of Ten High."

Want to double your enjoyment of any high-spot occasion? Then you'll want TEN HIGH! For this famous bourbon with "No Rough Edges" slowly ripens winter as well as summer in modern weather-controlled rackhouses, week after week, month after month, 2 long years thru!

Double your enjoyment with

Hiram Walker's



TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

CALL FOR TEN HIGH

90 PROOF Hiram Walker & Sons, Peoria, Illinois; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland

Black Magic

Continued from page 23

cassock and a purple biretta, walked silently in at the back of the altar.

With all the reverence of a priest performing his duties, he attended to the flame, rearranged the flowers, knelt for a moment, and went out again.

"I am tempted to suppose," Bazarada whispered, "that this man has begun to believe in his own religion. A brilliant madman is a most dangerous opponent."

We retired without let or hindrance. Bazarada, who in times of urgency had a swift, silent, Indianlike walk, seized my hand and led me around the south angle of the building. Sometimes I was tempted to believe that Buzzy could see in the dark. We moved at great speed through impenetrable shadow. From time to time he would mutter: "Duck your head—overhanging branch," and then—"Three steps up—be careful."

It was a queer experience. For if I could not see where we were going, how could Buzzy see?

I presently recognized that we stood upon a tree-clad bank from which, over the top of a high wall, one could command a view of beautiful moonlit gardens.

There was a terraced garden, graced by flowering trees. There were beds of roses. Somewhere, a fountain was playing. I had just begun to speak, when:

"Quiet!" Buzzy said urgently. "Look!"

A girl was approaching us, coming up the steps from a lower terrace to one immediately below the wall. She wore a soft, robe-like dress, and the moonlight glittered on her fair hair.

Suddenly, Buzzy was no longer at my side.

I stared right and left into shadow. I could see nothing, hear nothing. Then I saw him, a crouching silhouette on top of the old wall, and heard his quiet voice:

"Mary."

The girl stopped. I saw her look up. She was pretty, but her beauty was of the kind which has no strength of character behind it. She had large childish eyes and a petulant, full-lipped mouth. Her expression was that of a sleep-walker.

"Yes?" she said in a dreamy voice, which contained no note of alarm.

"Your father has sent me to look for you, Mary."

Mary Coppinger continued to look up. "Why?" she asked. "I am very happy. Tell Father that I am very happy."

She disappeared from my view, but presently I could hear the sound of footsteps walking along the path directly under the wall. Buzzy's silhouette vanished. A moment later he was beside me.

"You see, Maurice," he said, speaking a little breathlessly, "she is completely in the man's power. And she is not the first. Tomorrow is her twenty-first birthday, but at the time of her abduction she was a minor. Ned Regan has a warrant for Jerome's arrest. It looks as though we were helpless until Ned arrives."

ANOTHER of those blind marches led by my friend, who could see in the dark, and we were back where the car was hidden. We had just climbed in and Buzzy was about to start when a man came racing up the road toward us.

"Sit tight," said Bazarada. "I don't think we can be seen here."

I saw now that a second man followed the first. One glimpse I had in the moonlight of the two runners. Both were swarthy fellows. Suddenly the first runner stooped, picked up a big stone and turned swiftly. The second man car-

ried a knife. I saw its flash as he threw it . . . but he was too late.

The stone, hurled with terrific force, struck him squarely between the eyes. He staggered back, seemed to crumple up, and slumped face downward on the path. The stone thrower, with never another glance, turned and ran on up a narrow lane.

"Good God!" I muttered.

"Although it's none of our business," said Buzzy, "I think we should see if there's anything we can do."

We jumped out. He held my arm for a moment, listening. Receding footsteps grew faint in the distance.

A very brief examination was sufficient. The man was dead.

"This is a ghastly business!" I spoke in a low voice. "What do we do?"

"In the circumstances," said Bazarada, "I think this is where we beat it. Since there is no other house to my knowledge within two miles, I assume that the murderer and the murdered were servants of Jerome. Remembering that he formerly had a temple in Sicily,

I experienced a sudden chill.

"Of course there is some terrible error," the manager cried, "some frightful misunderstanding."

"On what evidence has this warrant been issued?" Bazarada asked.

"Dr. Sarafan lodged the information. He is at headquarters now."

Bazarada looked at me.

"Be silent, Maurice," he said smiling—but his eyes flashed an urgent message. "Do nothing. Say nothing. Try nothing. Wait for Ned Regan . . . I am at your service, Officer."

ON THE way to police headquarters I reviewed the situation. It was appalling enough. I realized that one of those occurrences which are fate's practical jokes had been instantly turned to advantage by Servius Jerome. Perhaps the murderer had seen us after all—or perhaps, secretly, Jerome himself had been watching. Whichever the true explanation might be, the plain fact remained that Buzzy's freedom depended upon my word being accepted against

lowed a rapid order in Portuguese, a language of which I understood very little. I saw Bazarada smile. In response to a tap on the shoulder he nodded to me, turned and walked out between the two policemen. The door closed.

A third policeman, whom I strongly suspected of representing the remainder of the force on duty, appeared at my elbow. He tapped me on the shoulder.

I was boiling with indignation when I reached the British consul. I dragged him out from a dinner party remorselessly, and he listened to the story I had to tell.

"It's a remarkable story, Mr. Roder," he admitted, incredulity in his frank blue eyes. "Dr. Sarafan, who spends, I suppose, some three or four months of the year in his villa here, is admittedly a mysterious figure. He is carrying out, I understand, certain important experiments. He is well thought of and much respected in Funchal. You must realize that in a murder charge bail is not allowed. And, as I see the matter, it is your word—which, believe me, I don't doubt—against that of Dr. Sarafan. What can I do?"

It was my first experience of that curious apathy which claims residents in these lotus eaters' islands. In this emergency, I realized, I stood quite alone.

My attempt to obtain an interview with the governor of the island resulted in an unmistakable rebuff.

ON MY way back from this in a state of furious irritation, I feverishly reviewed the facts. The wretched Mary Coppinger was obviously in the power of Servius Jerome. Short of kidnapping her, I could see no hope of saving her from the man. The charge of abduction, upon which Ned Regan had succeeded in obtaining a warrant for Jerome's arrest, might possibly have prevented the marriage had Regan arrived in time. But that it would result in any action being taken against Jerome, I doubted. In some way, Coppinger, or his representatives, had managed to suppress the story of Mary's disappearance. In the circumstances this did not help matters. I was still puzzling over these things and the plight of Bazarada when I stepped into the lobby of the hotel.

Servius Jerome stood up to meet me! "Mr. Roder," he said, and I found myself falling under the spell of his strange eyes, "I have waited for you for a purpose."

There was no one else in the lobby—and clearly he read my thoughts, for:

"What could it avail?" he asked quietly; "I am no weakling. Even supposing that you knocked me out, in what way would this benefit Mary Coppinger or Bazarada?"

In the empty lobby I stood silent, watching him.

"You have presumed to come between me and the woman I intend to marry—"

It was on the tip of my tongue to say: "The woman you love so well that you offered to accept a hundred thousand dollars *not* to marry her"—but, in the nick of time, wiser counsel checked me.

"I am a stickler for the letter of the law. My fiancée comes of age tomorrow. The wedding takes place at the somewhat unusual hour of eight o'clock in the morning. Be good enough to respect my wishes in the matter, and to refrain from interfering with my personal affairs. Your friend Bazarada is in an unhappy position. I have influence here. I might withdraw the charge against him if he, on his part, agreed to leave Madeira without causing me further trou-



I suspect that they were Sicilians. I am not without sympathy for the stone-thrower."

We set out for Funchal. It was a roundabout and, at night, an exciting route.

Perhaps in my many experiences with Bazarada I never had quite such a shock as that which awaited me when we arrived at the hotel. Two policemen in Offenbach uniforms, and a plain-clothes officer, were standing in the lobby when we entered. The manager, much perturbed, asked us all to step into his office.

"I am sure," he exclaimed, "that there is some terrible mistake."

"No mistake, I think," said the plain-clothes officer, speaking very good English. "Is your name Bazarada?"

"It is."

"I hold a warrant for your arrest."

"You must be mad!" I said.

"Upon what charge?" Bazarada asked quietly.

"Upon the charge of having murdered, tonight, Pietro Ascani, a servant of Dr. Sarafan."

that of Jerome—probably reinforced by other lying witnesses!

The officer on duty in the ancient and gloomy building in which presently I found myself had exactly that air of smug self-sufficiency and absence of common sense which infuriates me. Dr. Sarafan had been unable to wait, but had made a written deposition. Throughout, Bazarada remained perfectly calm.

"But," I shouted at one stage of the proceedings, "the statement of Dr. Sarafan as recorded is an absolute fabrication!"

"Maurice!" Buzzy said sternly.

"It appears," the official went on, ignoring my outburst, "that the dead man detected the accused on the premises of Dr. Sarafan, and, endeavoring to detain him, met his death at the accused's hands. He was struck down with a stone, picked up on the roadside. Police officers are now investigating the scene of the murder. In the meantime—"

He banged a bell that stood upon his desk.

The two police who had called at the hotel stepped into the office. There fol-

"Then a strange thing happened"

WITH those words fiction writers tempt you on. Yet stranger than all their inventions is a story now being printed that bears no author's name.

Some of it deals with thunderous events that make statesmen walk the floor of nights. Some of it tells the small homely story of a baby born on a snow-bound farm without a doctor.

All together, it is the continued story of everything that's happening in the world today. And people who want to get the story straight and clear are reading TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine.

● A jumbled story won't do

"Straight and clear" is not the way news naturally comes. It has to be made that way—arranged, connected, straightened and clarified by editors devoted to the one job of making the news make sense.



This is the responsibility of The Editors of TIME. Upon their desks tumble millions of news-words from thousands of sources. They cast away everything trivial and meaningless so that each significant chapter of the world's week—from the Yangtze, the Potomac, the Thames or the Tiber—can stand out clear and strong.

They write each bit so it has background and meaning, so that the whole week emerges as a panorama, vast but orderly. And as you read you not only understand the news as never before, but find it grips you with new intensity.

When the story has been written and re-written, so that ordinary editing would be satisfied, the managing editors of TIME take their big soft-lead pencils in hand to examine every word. They condense, smooth, challenge; they demand still closer verification, challenge researcher, writer, correspondent for another fact and yet another.

● See for yourself it's fun...

In one evening with TIME, or with TIME in your lap on a journey, you can bring yourself up to date on everything an intelligent person wants to know. You will enjoy the tang of TIME, read it from cover to cover, look forward to its next coming as one relishes the approach of a well informed and entertaining weekend guest. You will learn why more than 700,000 families trust TIME.

Try TIME and see. Get the copy now on the newsstand. And then be TIME's guest for three weeks—mail the coupon and receive the next three issues, free.



TIME, 330 East 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the next three issues of TIME, free.

Name _____

(Please print)

Street _____

City and State _____

ble. Are you disposed, Mr. Roder, to make this promise on his behalf?"

"I am not."

In the circumstances, then, I have no alternative but to proceed to the prison and to interview Bazarada in person.

"You are welcome."

"Perhaps you would care to accompany me?"

"I would accompany you nowhere, unless possibly to your execution. You are a scoundrel whose name stinks throughout Europe. A kidnaper, a black-mailer. Yet, here you stand before me, and I am helpless."

I suppose I was taunting him, trying to tempt him to attack me; for I was fighting mad. But, slightly inclining his head, he walked out of the lobby—a sinister, black-cloaked figure.

I FELL into a troubled sleep with Bazarada's strange injunction, "Do nothing. Say nothing. Try nothing—wait for Ned Regan," going round and round in my brain like a refrain. A loud banging on the door awakened me.

Springing up, I glanced at my watch. The hour was 4 A. M.

The banging on the door continued. I got out of bed, crossed and opened the door.

The burly form of Ned W. Regan confronted me.

"Hello, Mr. Roder!" he exclaimed, and grasped my hand in a mighty grip. "What's this I hear? We anchored forty-five minutes back. Passengers don't come ashore earlier than nine. But ship's orders don't apply to Ned Regan. Mr. Coppinger's here with me and the American consul's right downstairs. He didn't want to come—but he's here!"

Now I was wide awake.

"Mr. Regan! Thank God, you've arrived! Bazarada's in jail."

"So I'm told."

Ned Regan thoughtfully flicked a lighter into action and rekindled a fragment of cigar.

"We must get him out."

"Buzzy can wait," Regan replied, returning the lighter to his pocket. "What we must do is this: You know this hide-away in the hills, where the man Jerome, or Sarafan as he calls himself, has smuggled the girl? That's our objective, sir. And we're going to send up blue fireworks in this little island!"

The presence of the big man was inspiring. When I got down to the lobby I found the manager, hastily dressed, standing there. Mr. Coppinger, a quiet, gray-haired New Englander, whose glance told the whole story of the agony he had suffered, met me. Thurston—the American consul with whom Bazarada had come to loggerheads—greeted me rather coldly.

"I've stirred everybody up," Ned Regan bellowed, "but we won't wait for 'em. Come along. We're off for the hide-out in the hills."

In two cars, which the restless energy of Ned W. Regan had conjured up at that hour of the morning in a sleepy town, we set out for the Quinta de Santa Lucia. I traveled in the leading car, Ned Regan beside me.

At the point where, on my previous visit, Bazarada had parked the car, I indicated a narrow lane which led to the proper entrance.

Knocking and ringing for a time produced no result. Then the door was opened.

I beheld the yellow face of the Sicilian who had murdered his fellow countryman before my eyes! He was obviously frightened.

"Please, what is it?" he inquired.

The American consul replied in fluent Portuguese. The man answered him with much waving of hands.

"He says," Thurston explained, "that something terrible has happened. His master, Dr. Sarafan, is missing."

"That's not terrible," bellowed Regan, "it's just normal—what I expected! He's got wind I'm here!"

"But the doctor's fiancée, so he describes her, is also missing," Thurston continued.

"What!"

"They were to be married in the chapel at eight o'clock. The priest is already in the house."

He spoke again in Portuguese, and the man excitedly replied.

"Dr. Sarafan returned home late last night. He admitted himself with his key and went straight up to his study. This man saw him on the stairs. He turned all lights out and went to bed."

"What then?"

"He was awakened by a scream. You must know, Mr. Regan, that one of the servants was murdered here last night. The household is naturally restless. They thought it came from the room occupied by—"

"My daughter!" Mark Coppinger whispered—"It was Mary! Good God! This is awful. Please go on, Mr. Thurston. What does the man say?"

"He says, Mr. Coppinger, that they rushed to her room. The room was empty, although the bed had been slept in. They then hurried to Dr. Sarafan's room. There was no one there!"

"What time was that?"

"Just after three A.M."

Two windows opened somewhere above. I saw heads peeping out.

"A hell of a story!" Ned Regan roared. "Come on, Roder—we'll search the place!"

"I warn you that you have no powers," Thurston exclaimed.

"Powers be damned!" said Ned Regan.

He, myself, Mark Coppinger and one of the two drivers searched the house.

Neither Dr. Sarafan nor Mary Coppinger was in the Quinta de Santa Lucia.

FUNCHAL was coming to life when we regained its outskirts. Ned Regan was furious.

I told him all I knew of the murder charge upon which Bazarada lay in jail.

"Two canary birds fighting out their private quarrels!" Ned Regan shouted above the roar of the motor. "This scoundrel saw his chance and took it quick! He used it as a frame-up to get rid of Buzzy, that's clear enough. It worked. We know where Buzzy is. What's bothering me is this: Where's the man Jerome? Where's Mary?"

By the time we reached the jail, Ned Regan's early activities had borne fruit. A representative of the governor awaited us, and we were admitted im-

mediately. Mr. Coppinger was reduced to a pitiable state.

"Wait here, Mr. Coppinger," said Regan as we entered. "Just sit quiet. She's somewhere on the island and we'll get her."

"It is next to impossible that she should have left," Thurston murmured. "The American freighter Dahomey sailed at half past four this morning—but she carries no passengers."

"Then forget it," said Regan.

We walked along a gloomy stone corridor, Regan following the man who held the keys. I came next with Thurston. The police officer and the governor's representatives brought up the rear. Our footsteps echoed hollowly as we descended stone steps. Before a frowning door we paused. A key was inserted in the lock. The door swung open.

I saw a gloomy dungeon. One high, barred window admitted scanty light.

Ned Regan rushed in.

"Buzzy!" he shouted. "Buzzy!"

There was no reply.

"Let's have more light! I can't see a thing in here!"

THE man with the keys flashed a light upon the bed. A man was lying there, inert, face to the wall. I recognized Bazarada's white linen suit.

Then Regan turned him over. His wrists were lashed together—so were his ankles. A cloth was bound over his mouth.

"But what is this?" the governor's deputy asked.

"It's a damned outrage!" Ned Regan cut the lashings and removed the gag.

Eyes bloodshot, glaring, Servius Jerome struggled upright and confronted us!

He was beyond speech, himself, and he was greeted by a silence of stupefaction. It was broken by a loud, harsh voice—the voice of one who, however astounding the circumstances, keeps his head and keeps his job clearly in view.

"I have a warrant for your arrest, Servius Jerome, otherwise Emmanuel Sarafan! My name is Ned W. Regan!"

In upon the babel that ensued broke a call from outside the cell:

"Radio message for Mr. Roder."

I turned. One of the Offenbach policemen was holding up an envelope. I sprang rather than walked into the gloomy corridor and opened the message. This is what I read:

FROM S. S. DAHOMEY

TO MAURICE RODER, REID'S HOTEL OR FUNCHAL JAIL. BOUND FOR LAS PALMAS. WILL WAIT THERE. HAVE MARY COPPINGER WITH ME.

BAZARADA



"Good Lord, Owens, what do YOU make of it?"

GEORGE PRICE



Shaped to suit you

LIKE clay in the potter's hands, Life Insurance Programs readily take many different forms. You can have a Program shaped to your family's needs.

While your requirements undoubtedly differ from those of others, there are certain provisions in most programs which you may find helpful in developing your own. These provide cash for a family's immediate needs during the period of readjustment and, in addition, furnish a continuing monthly income to take care

of necessary living expenses thereafter.

Your Program may also provide funds for the fulfillment of hopes and ambitions, such as the education of your children and the leisurely enjoyment of your retirement years.

Careful planning is necessary to get the most out of your Life insurance. A Metropolitan Field-Man will be glad to help you shape a Program to meet your particular needs and income. Telephone the nearest Metropolitan office today or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues Life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board

LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Copyright, 1938, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, I would like to have information regarding a Life Insurance Program to meet my needs.

NAME _____

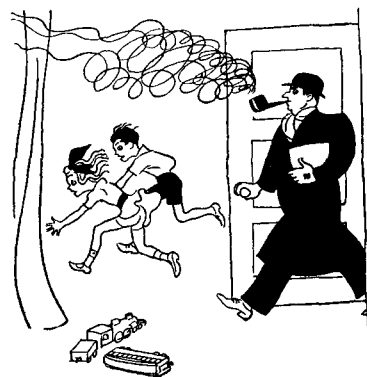
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



28-C

CHEESE IT! HERE COMES FATHER!



WHAT A SMELL that pipe of father's had! We thought he was smoking a blend of rubber bands and old shoelaces! And he never dreamed of running a cleaner through the stem!



BLAME THE PIPE? Mother tried a dozen times to make him throw it out. But Uncle Ted knew how dad loved that tired old briar. He said to father, "Clean it well, and . . ."

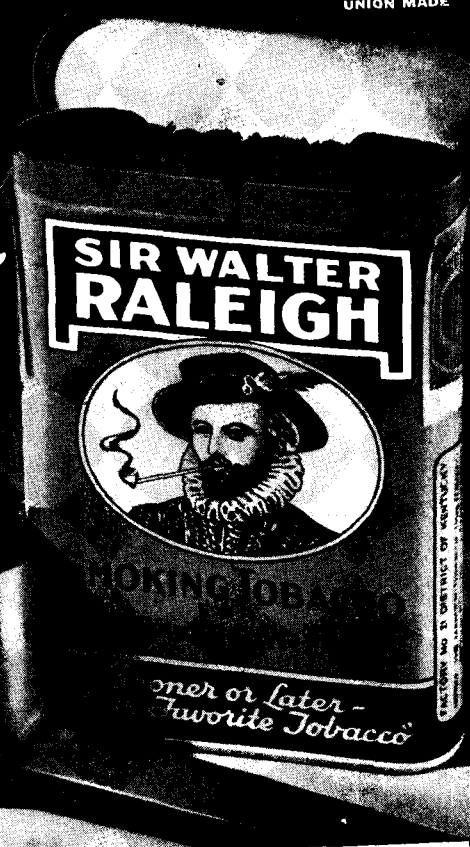


"THEN FILL UP with Sir Walter Raleigh, the mildest blend of fragrant burleys that the Blue Grass country grows." Father said, "I'll try anything once!" And now . . .



WE ALL WEAR GRINS. Father knows he's met the world's mildest. Sir Walter's two-ounce tin holds 50 fragrant pipefuls, and even mother likes that sweet-and-lovely aroma.

Switch to the
brand of
grand aroma



FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-82.

HOW TO
TAKE CARE
OF
YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey
and his orchestra. Every
Wed., 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.,
NBC Red Network.

A Queen's Ransom

Continued from page 21

color of a very pale lemon. Behind cordage on the deck, behind chairs, behind the four men were inky shadows. "Frisk him," said Frankie to the plump man named Toad.

The man's hands were soft and clammy. He ran them over Crane's body, found the wallet pinned in his inside coat pocket. He opened the wallet. "Jeeze!" His voice was reedy.

"What's the matter?"

"Nine grand," said Toad.

"Wise guy had nine grand?" Frankie's voice went up the scale. "Nine grand? Give it here."

THE tropic sea, in the path of light from the moon, looked as though it had been frozen.

"Where'd you get the nine grand?" asked Frankie. He was wearing a black suit coat over his bare chest and he put the bills in an inside pocket.

"Expense money," said Crane.

"Jeeze," said George. "Maybe we should 'a' been dicks."

"How'd you find us, wise guy?" asked Frankie.

"Some fishermen reported you as looking funny," Crane lied, his eyes on Frankie's coat.

"Why dinja have more people with ya?"

"They're coming in the morning," Crane said. "They've got all kinds of boats."

"I think we oughta scam out of here," said George. "It'll be tough."

"Yeah," said Toad. "Yeah."

"We gotta lie right here," said Frankie.

Dopey had taken the necktie from around his head. His hands no longer trembled. He must have had a shot. He said, "If we ain't here the boss can't give us the office."

"Tortoni's never going to reach you," said Crane.

"No?" said Frankie.

"He's dead." Crane wondered how it was they did not know this. "He was shot for trying to muscle into the slot-machine racket."

At first they did not believe him. The reason they had heard nothing was that their radio was broken. George had been unable to fix it. They hardly believed him, even when he went into details.

Frankie walked over to him when he had finished telling them. "You lie."

"No."

Frankie hit him on the cheekbone and then had to pick him off the deck.

"You lie," he repeated.

"All right. I lie."

"Yah!" Frankie scowled at him. "You're yellow."

"Sure, I'm yellow," he said.

Frankie hit him again, knocked him against the side of the boat. "Wise guy's yellow," he said.

He took Crane by the waist, lifted him off the seat, and threw him down the cabin stairs.

Landing on his right shoulder, Crane rolled past the engines. The ropes cut his ankles, his wrists. His stomach pained him terribly.

Tony Lamphier whispered, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," Crane said.

A FAINT breeze, hardly more than a slow current of air, moved through the hot cabin and Crane fell into a fitful sleep. When he awoke there were moonbeams in the portholes on his right. The odors of oil, sea water and scorched paint filled the cabin.

What awakened him also woke Camelia. She whispered, "Tony."

"Yes, dear."

"I'm so glad you're here."

"I'm not much help."

"You are, though. Now you're here I don't mind."

"Really?"

"Darling, I don't care what happens as long as you're here. . . . Tony, do you love me?"

"Oh, yes, Cam."

"I love you, too, Tony."

Crane heard the sound of a boat being rowed not far away. The oarlocks grated and the oars made a sucking noise in the water. He could hear men's voices. He decided the kidnapers must have landed on the key and were now returning to the boat.

He heard a noise in the lower bunk to the left, saw Captain Luther Binton's head roll over to one side. The captain was conscious. Crane moved along the floor in his direction.

Camelia Essex said, "Don't mind our talking, Bill Crane."

"I don't."

"Tony and I have such a short life ahead of us. We have to be soupy, don't we, Tony?"

"Darling, we'll have a long life together."

"A long, soupy life?"

"A very long, very soupy life."

THE rowboat was alongside. George called, "Everything all right, Dopey?" His voice was loud.

"Sure," said Dopey. He sounded as though he had been asleep.

There was a noise of oars being shipped. Frankie said, "Good ole Dopey." He was very drunk. "Trust him."

The deck creaked under feet. Dopey asked, "Wha'd you decide?"

"We're goin' t' croak 'em," said Toad.

"That's good," said Dopey.

"We figured it out." Frankie's voice was thick. "We croak 'em and scam for Miami."

"The girl, too?" asked Dopey.

"Why not?" said Toad.

"Sure, we gotta croak her," said George. "She knows too much."

Crane reached the captain's bunk, whispered in his ear, "Are you all right, Captain Luther?"

The captain's voice was barely audible. "No. What happened to my boat?"

"They sank it."

The captain's hands were free. He said, "Damn 'em." Rope still bound one wrist. Crane, for the first time, felt hopeful. He supposed they hadn't bound the captain tightly, thinking him badly wounded.

Outside, Frankie's voice said, "We take the nine grand and divvy it up. That's only a grand less'n Tortoni was t'give us."

"When do we croak 'em?" asked Dopey.

"Right away," said Frankie. "Before the sun comes up."

"We gotta go out in the stream," said George. "The bodies'll never come up out there."

"Sharks," Toad explained.

"Le's get goin'," said Frankie.

George came down in the cabin to start the engines. His breath smelled of rum. He kicked Crane in the small of the back and turned his flashlight on Camelia. "How ya doin', toots?" He turned to the engines.

One of the engines wouldn't start. Presently Frankie came down. "Wha's tha matta?"

"I don't know." George spun the cast-iron wheel viciously. "But I'll make her go. See if I don't."

Between drinks they finally got it going. The cabin reeked of rum and spilled gasoline. It was almost daybreak and Crane could see the men's dirty faces. They were both sweating. George threw a piece of oil rag in the corner of the cabin and said, "Let's scram." Crane could see a pile of oil rags in the corner. The men went up the cabin ladder. There was a long scar on Frankie's nigger-tanned back.

"They're going to kill us?" asked Camelia.

For the first time Crane was able to see her. Her blond hair was tangled; her lips were pale; the tan had faded from her skin. Her hands were tied with linen strips in front of her and she was touching Tony Lamphier's head with them. Her white chiffon evening gown was soiled and one side had been ripped open, exposing half a peach-colored brassiere and part of her stomach. Fear had made her blue eyes luminous.

"Don't give up hope," said Crane.

"What can we do?" asked Tony Lamphier.

"Can you untie your feet, Captain Luther?" Crane asked.

The captain tried to sit up, to reach his feet, but he was unable. He had lost a great deal of blood.

"How long has he been conscious?" asked Tony Lamphier.

"Shush," Crane said.

THE Kate was heading out to sea and the engines, racing, were getting hot. The cabin floor vibrated. On deck Frankie approached George at the wheel, a jug in his hand.

"Why do we dump tha broad?" he asked.

George took the jug from him, had a long drink. He smacked his lips. "I been wonderin' myself."

"We could keep her around for a while, anyway."

"Sure."

Frankie's gold teeth gleamed. "I might even smuggle her into Miami. I know a place . . ."

"No!" George's voice was ugly. "We'll draw lots for her."

Frankie took the jug from him. "I'm tha boss here, see?"

"Like hell you are."

Looking up the angling stairs, Crane could see a portion of the rail, a rectangle of French blue sky. Heat from the throbbing engines burned his back, made his skin tight. He didn't dare look at Camelia.

"We'll draw lots," said George.

"Like hell," said Frankie.

"Like hell, like hell," said George.

Toad moved into Crane's field of vision. His small eyes peeped between

creases of flesh the color of lard. "Why not croak her?" he asked in his high voice. "Why bother with her?"

"You wouldn't understand," George said.

Heat from the engine was almost unbearable. The exhaust pipe was red half way to the point where it went through the Kate's side. Crane tried to shove his back up the side of Captain Luther's bunk so the captain could reach his bonds, but he couldn't move off the floor. His legs were tied too tightly.

DOPEY had joined the conversation on deck. His face was ghastly in the sunlight. It was the color of a fish's belly. "Let's get going," he said.

Fingering his pistol, Toad said, "We're almost in the Gulf Stream."

"What d'you want with the broad anyway?" asked Dopey. His hands were fluttering again.

"Ha, ha, ha." Frankie slapped his thigh. "He wants t'know what we want wit' her. Tha's a good one. Ha, ha, ha."

"There're plenty of dames in Miami," said Dopey.

"Not like this one."

In his reedy voice, Toad said, "This one's too hot to take into Miami."

"We gotta croak her," said Dopey.

"Like hell," Frankie said.

"Be reasonable," said Toad.

"Like hell."

George, alarmed, suddenly said, "Holy smoke! Look!"

"What is it?"

"A boat."

It was a large one, Crane gathered from their remarks, and it was coming their way. They decided it was faster than the Kate and therefore dangerous to run away from. Dopey came down into the cabin and put cloth gags on Camelia, Lamphier and Crane. He ignored Captain Luther.

"Just in case," he said.

On deck the other three men watched the boat approach. "He's going to hail us," said George.

"Dopey, you and Toad start fishin'," commanded Frankie. "Keep your hats over your eyes." He came to the cabin entrance and got a Panama hat, put it on. "George, you talk to 'em."

The gag in Crane's mouth tasted of oil. He lay on his back on the cabin floor, put his feet on Captain Luther's bunk. The captain got the idea, fumbled with the ropes around Crane's ankle. He had difficulty with the first knot, but the others came out easily. Crane rubbed his legs for an instant, then hooked his elbow over the bunk and stood up. He found his legs would hold him. Captain Luther began untying the cord around his wrists.

Well-groomed hair has a bearing on your future!



SOcially and in business, first impressions are important and many a man has found healthy, handsome hair a big asset to his progress and success. For hair that's good-looking and neatly groomed commands approval in every contact. It's a sign you respect your own appearance...and want the respect of others.

And right there is where Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" can help you. To keep your hair at its good-looking best, apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the healthy, exhilarating "tingle" as circulation awakens. Your scalp loses its tightness—it becomes "looser"—more flexible. Your hair takes on a rich, handsome lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help sup-

plement the natural nourishing scalp oils. Dryness is overcome.

And how much easier your hair responds to your comb and brush. It stays neatly in place, looks well-groomed without any objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug store, *today*. Give your hair the care it should have—with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." You'll have a better-looking head of hair—handsome and lustrous—hair that you can count on as a social and business asset.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Seal-tubes. Be sure to insist on Seal-tubes!

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"



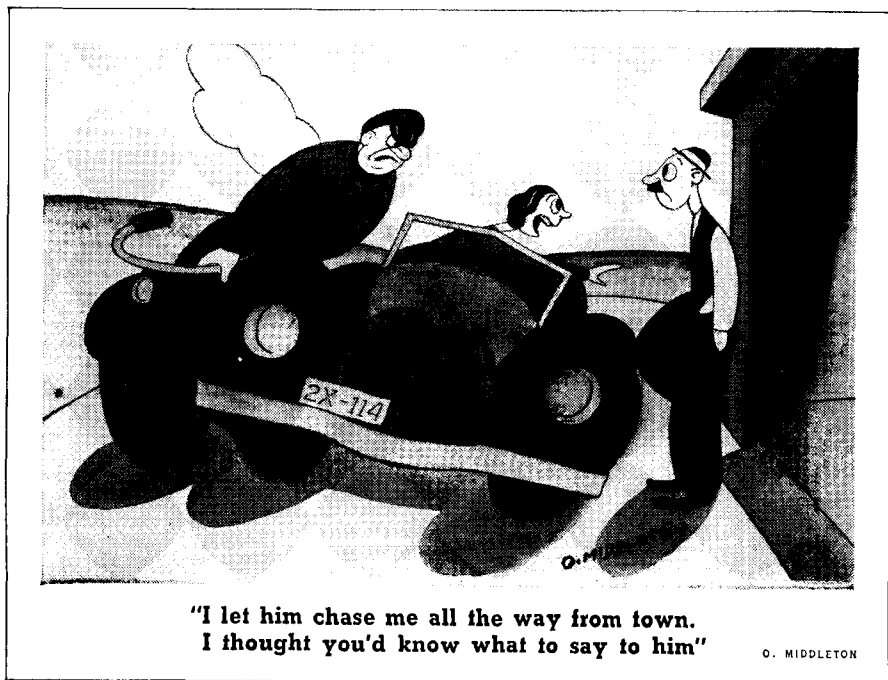
1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME



"I let him chase me all the way from town.
I thought you'd know what to say to him"

O. MIDDLETON

74,000,000 INNOCENT VICTIMS



Each Fated for 2 COLDS THIS YEAR!

ACCORDING to eminent medical authority, A 60% of all the people in the United States suffer from at least two colds every year.

The best time to prevent trouble is right at the start. If you're nursing a cold—see a doctor! Curing a cold is the doctor's business.

But the doctor, himself, will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Moreover, it will do much to make you less susceptible to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help... use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED
1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
3—MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$2,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 240-H, Chicago
The School That Has in Its Alumni Over 1,450 C. P. A.'s

THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

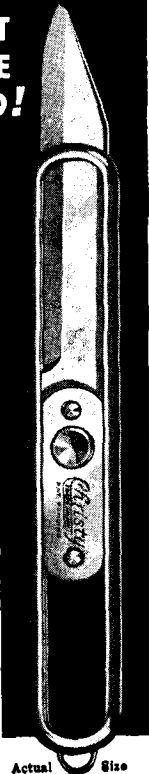
● Neat, handy, useful and durable
... Brass frame, heavily chromium
plated... Blade of finest razor steel.

Smart... practical
Graceful design, light weight, fine
enough to wear on your silver,
gold or platinum chain.

Three blades in one
Instantly opened or closed
with one hand. No broken
fingernails.
Blade locks
easily in any
one of 3 lengths
... really three
blades in one.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio
Enclosed is \$1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife.
If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return
it and my \$1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio
orders add 3c for sales tax.) This offer
good in U.S.A. only.



C4

Actual Size

The other boat had approached within hailing distance of the Kate. A voice called, "Hello."

"Hello," replied George.

"We're looking for Captain Luther Binton's boat, the Spray," called the voice. "Seen any sign of her?"

"No," said George. "We been down to Tortugas all night. Is she lost?"

"We're supposed to meet her."

"Well, we haven't seen her."

The captain pulled the last turn of rope off Crane's wrists, then tried to yell for help. His voice was hoarse, feeble. Crane fell on the floor, rolled in a corner, holding his hands behind him as if they were still bound. Dopey came down into the cabin and hit Captain Luther over the head with a pistol butt.

"Try t'make trouble!" he said.

He went out on deck again.

The man on the other boat had heard nothing. He called, "If you see the Spray, tell Captain Luther we're around, will you?"

"Sure," said George.

The stutter of the other boat's idling exhaust changed to a steady roar. George gave the Kate's engines gas.

Crane got to his feet, pulled off his gag.

He scooped up a handful of oily waste from the pile in the corner of the cabin. He dropped it on the glowing exhaust pipe. It burst into flame. He picked it up again, regardless of the blaze, and tossed it into the pile of waste. Orange light filled the cabin, billows of black smoke rose from the pile. He found a large monkey wrench and hid himself beside the cabin stairs. Camelia and Tony watched him through alarmed eyes. The heavy smoke began to pour through the portholes.

Dopey came to the cabin entrance, started to come down the stairs, suddenly thrust his hands in front of him. His voice yelled in terror:

"Fire! Fire! Help! A fire!"

George leaped to his side, jerked him off the cabin stairs, sent him sprawling to the deck. "Shut up, you!" He peered down at the smoky interior of the cabin.

Dopey got to his feet, yelled, "Fire! Help!" Frankie knocked him down.

George shut off the engines and Frankie asked him, "Where's tha extinguisher?"

"In the cabin."

THE bunk nearest to the pile of flaming waste had caught fire and the wood crackled loudly. Streams of smoke went through the portholes and billows of it shot up the stairs. The fire was beginning to roar. It was terribly hot in the cabin.

George said, "Take the wheel. I'll get the extinguisher."

Slowly, stooping over slightly, he came down the cabin stairs. Crane waited until he reached the floor, then hit him on the head with the wrench. George's skull cracked like a dropped cantaloupe. He pitched forward onto the port engine.

On deck Dopey was screaming again: "Help! Fire! Help!" He was frantic with terror.

Smoke swirled about the interior of the cabin. It was terribly hot. The entire bunk was on fire, was covered with pale yellow flame. It was hard to breathe.

Frankie shouted down the stairs, "How're you comin', George?" Behind him Dopey screamed, "Help! Help!"

The smoke hurt Crane's lungs, choked his throat. He could taste oil in his mouth. His eyes smarted.

Dopey screamed, "Help! Help!"

Frankie tried to see into the cabin.

A voice from the sea shouted, "Stand by, Kate. We'll help you."

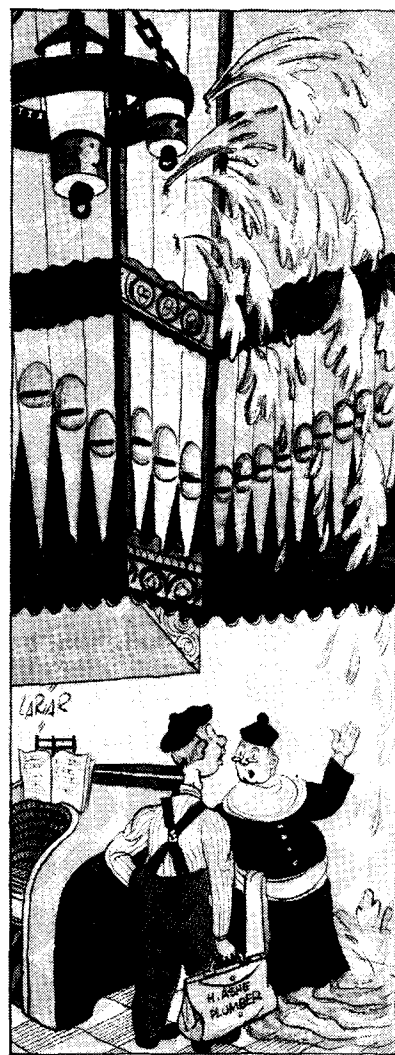
"Like hell!" Toad's voice was shrill. "Stay away." He fired his pistol over the starboard rail. "Stay away!" He fired again.

Dopey screamed, "Help! Help!"

Frankie came part way down the cabin stairs. "George!" Crane got ready to hit him.

The other boat had a tommy gun. Over the roar of the flame it made the noise of long strips of canvas being torn. Frankie said, "Hell!" and went back up the stairs. Toad was firing his pistol over the starboard rail. Frankie got the Kate's tommy gun from the shelf above the wheel. He was pointing it over the starboard rail when he suddenly began to cough. The gun slipped from his hands, glanced from the rail, clattered on the deck. He doubled over and pressed both arms against his stomach as though he were hugging a small child. He coughed again and blood gushed from his mouth. He fell against the rail, hung over it.

Crane went back into the cabin and picked up Camelia Essex and carried her up the stairs. She was unconscious. He laid her on the deck. He went back



"It all started while I was
playing The Blue Danube!"

LAWRENCE LARIER

and got Captain Luther. He weighed less than the girl. Crane put him on the deck.

DOPEY was lying curled up against the stern of the boat and Crane was unable to tell whether he was dead. Toad had been shot in the right arm and he was trying to hold his automatic in his mouth and put a clip in with his left hand. His eyes were beady, like a chicken's eyes. Blood had turned his right sleeve maroon.

Crane went back to the cabin. Smoke choked his lungs. Tony Lamphier was unconscious, too. Crane tried to lift him, but he was too heavy. He dragged him to the stairs, tried to push him up them, but he couldn't get him off the cabin floor. Crane got above Lamphier and tried to pull him up the stairs. He got him as far as the second step. His lungs

hurt; he did not seem to be able to get air to them. He tried again to lift Lamphier.

Someone said, "I got him, Bill."

It was O'Rourke. Crane let him have Lamphier and followed them up the cabin stairs. A man with an extinguisher pushed by him, began to spray the cabin. The sunlight, the blue ocean hurt his eyes; he felt very tired. The deck rose toward him. . . .

HE FELT sick when he regained consciousness. Smoke was still in his lungs, in his stomach. Captain Enright and a strange man with gray hair were working over Camelia Essex. Tony Lamphier was seated on the deck, conscious. His face was green under oil soot. The fire was practically out. Dopey was handcuffed to a fishing chair in the stern and beside him sat Toad, holding his wounded arm on his lap. His eyes were closed; his face was calm. Frankie's tommy gun was lying where he had been shot, by the starboard rail in a pool of blood. Crane felt sick again and for a moment he clung to the rail.

O'Rourke and Williams carried up George's body from the cabin.

Williams had his feet. "What'll we do with him?" he asked O'Rourke.

"Throw him in the stern."

"You're sure he's dead?" Captain Enright asked.

"Sure," said O'Rourke.

They threw him in the stern.

O'Rourke said, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

"Oh, my God!" said Crane. His head was beginning to clear. He no longer felt sick. "Oh, my God, O'Rourke!"

"Our hero's coming to life," said O'Rourke.

Camelia Essex regained consciousness. "Tony," she said. "Tony."

"Here I am."

"What happened?"

Tony Lamphier got off the deck and took her hand. "We're safe, darling."

Camelia Essex began to cry. She kissed him, crying at the same time.

Captain Enright and the gray-haired man were bending over Captain Luther. "He'll live, all right," said the gray-haired man.

Williams picked up the tommy gun Frankie had tried to use. "A good thing he never let go with this," he said.

Abruptly Crane left the rail, ran toward Williams. "What happened to him?" he shouted. "What happened to Frankie?"

"He fell into the water," O'Rourke said.

"Did you pull him out?"

"He was dead," O'Rourke said.

"You didn't pull him out?" Crane was frantic. "Where is he?" He leaned over the rail, profoundly moved.

O'Rourke pointed. The deep blue water of the Gulf Stream, twenty-five feet from the boat, was alive with sharks. They swam close to the surface, showing soap-colored bellies when they turned. Crane left the rail, slumped down on the deck.

"Why didn't you pull him out?" he asked.

The others looked at his disconsolate face.

"Why should we?" asked O'Rourke.

"What was he to you?"

"Nothing more than my right arm." Crane's face was tragic. "He just had my nine grand on him. That's all." He gazed mournfully at O'Rourke. "You let nine grand go to the sharks."

"That's terrible," said Tony Lamphier. "But . . ."

"Here," said O'Rourke. "Here. I got the nine grand. I found it in the pocket of this coat. Here."

"Why, you thieving rat," said Crane. "Picking a dead man's pocket . . ."

THE END



**The face of
JACK BUCHANAN**
Popular Musical Comedy Star

A singing-dancing-directing star who not merely possesses ears that are sensitive to applause, but who knows the way to *win* it. Co-starring this season with Evelyn Laye and Adele

Dixon in the new Shubert musical play "Between the Devil" by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, he is greeted nightly in packed houses by *storms* of applause!

Ears Sensitive to Applause



Pale in color—set *low*, well back on the head and snugly against it. They stand in an upright position, as opposed to

the frequently seen type which slopes backward. Although of generous proportions, they would not be classed as large, but are distinguished for their length rather than their size... being as long as or slightly longer than the nose. The lobes are full and fleshy—and are especially marked for their length.

Your ears will hear *plenty* of applause, when you serve your guests drinks made with the famed "*double-rich*" Kentucky straight Bourbon!

SCHENLEY'S
*Cream of
Kentucky*
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



Now...get REAL results with your ELECTRIC RAZOR

SET-UP makes any electric razor shave **CLOSE** and **QUICK**

\$1 Set-Up brings every bristle to an erect position so that your electric razor can really clip clean and close. Banishes the usual training period.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

PINAUD SET-UP

PARIS • NEW YORK

Rub on beard... LET DRY... then shave



YES, DOCTOR



The only cough drops containing **VITAMIN A** are the famous Smith Brothers Cough Drops... Recent scientific evidence shows that Vitamin A raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections. Two kinds of Smith Bros. Cough Drops: Black or Menthol—5¢.

Write for Free Money-making Plan—Now!



SEND us your name and address on a penny post card. You will receive by return mail full details of our attractive money-making plan. Even in spare time, you may add \$10.00 or \$15.00 a month to your income. How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for **COLLIER'S** and the other popular Crowell Publications. For free supplies, write to:

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-90
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Picture Ahead!"

IN a short while we will be in the midst of the spring season. You'll want to be gay and carefree; you will want new clothes—to take a trip, perhaps. Won't you try our Pin Money Club plan for earning money? Our booklet, "An Adventure in Dollars and Cents," is free to girls and women. It will tell you how you, too, can rid yourself of money worries—help you buy a new spring outfit—also start a savings fund for your summer vacation. Your own home may be your office and no experience is necessary.

Won't you join us? Just send me a letter or postcard, today, addressing

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Dept. 46, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

BurpeeGold MARIGOLD
New! Greatest in 300 years! 3 1/2 in. deep orange flowers, like golden carnations. Easy to grow. 30 Seeds for \$1.00. 500 Seeds for \$1. Seed Catalog free. W. Atlee Burpee Co., 353 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia



SEND \$1 ONLY (Reg. \$1.00.) Get 2 Different BUNGALOW BLUEPRINT PLANS

Build a beautiful inexpensive summer home from these plans. Delight your family—gain health for winter tasks. RENT for \$200 to \$300 a season when not living in it yourself. 6-page instruction leaflet. Easy building directions with all dimensions. Money back if not satisfied. **Charters Corp., Dept. D, 79 Madison Ave., N. Y.** LIMITED GIFT OFFER—5-fold carpenter's rule (36" open) with each order.

WORMS OFTEN FATAL TO DOGS

Guard the health of your puppy or dog with Glover's Worm Medicine. Worms undermine the health, often cause fits and convulsions, followed by fatal results. Glover's Worm Medicines are put up in capsule form for removing Round Worms, Hook Worms, Tape Worms. Also Round Worm Vermifuge (liquid).

GLOVER'S Double Action CAPSULES
A new addition to our line of Worm Medicines. An effective combination of medicines to expel Round Worms (Ascarids) and Hook Worms in puppies and dogs. New **DOG BOOK** Free—write **GLOVER'S, Dept. D, 462 Fourth Ave., New York City.**



GLOVER'S

Choice for a Queen

Continued from page 13

"I jibbed at that," reports Miss Neagle.

She jibbed and quit, but soon after her father returned very ill from a voyage. Also there was the problem of food for the home. She got a letter to somebody producing a touring company of No, No, Nanette and they took a look at her and refrained from asking her to leave card, photograph or forwarding address. Her first stage chance came in Charlot's Bubbly, where she went into the chorus, hoping that her blond looks and handsome legs would get her by because her dancing most certainly wouldn't.

She did well enough with Charlot, went into a second show of his, doubled at C. B. Cochran's Trocadero cabaret show, played in Rose Marie at Drury Lane and went running back and forth nightly like one possessed. But that never cured her of an inferiority complex, from which she says she still suffers. When they tried her with a minor part, she invariably blew up.

"I'd look at the lines, open my mouth... and nothing came out."

After Drury Lane she came to New York in Noel Coward's Wake Up and Dream, where she danced not and neither did she spin, but appeared carrying a board announcing the next numbers. Jack Buchanan was the comedian in that show and, while she never had the courage to look at him, he looked at her and years later, lo and behold! he said: "Are you that little girl? ... Why, I remember you quite well. ..."

And she got the job.

But that was later. First she wanted to stay in America but the movie scouts wouldn't look at her because she was the blond type that didn't photograph well. "The agents kept telling me I looked like a million bucks but nobody gave me a job and it took all my money getting my hair fixed every day," she says sadly.

Her return to London wasn't much better because her first screen tests made her look like something left behind by the Salvation Army, but she had an agent who was a pest and he finally pestered Matheson Lang into using her in The Chinese Bungalow, an early English effort which even the British are trying to forget. Lang had hopes for it and was shocked at the idea of using Marjorie Robertson, the chorus girl, and it was then she took the Neagle tag, which is the family name of her mother.

With Royal Consent

The Neagle (pronounced Nee-gul) has been lucky enough for her but it was only when Jack Buchanan remembered her from New York and put her in Stand Up and Sing that the hard days were over. Even then the experience nearly killed her. Rumors kept coming to her during the preliminary tour out of town that Buchanan couldn't possibly bring anybody as bad as that into London. Under the stress of that she became bad enough for anybody's money, but Buchanan reassured her, built her up in her own estimation and London was a cinch.

After that she went into films with Herbert Wilcox, made her first big hits as Nell Gwyn and Peg of Old Drury and finally got involved in the Queen Victoria venture. The movie script had been worked on by Charles de Grandcourt for two years before Wilcox heard about it. As an old Hollywood man, de Grandcourt had first tried it on his California friends and a deal of great money proportions had been worked out with M-G-M when the brains of that organization decided it would be better to buy Housman's Victoria Regina and

hire Helen Hayes along with it. Mr. de Grandcourt hid himself to London, where he was employed in the Alexander Korda unit, and only by chance met Wilcox at a party and let drop about the Victoria matter. Wilcox immediately said he had been thinking of the same subject for years and what did de Grandcourt have? What he had was the residue of reading everything ever written about Queen Victoria, including original documents. From it a good screen story had been made and all that remained to do was get the consent of the Lord Chamberlain to allow the play to be done. As is well known, the English are skittish about anything touching the royal family and the chances were slim.

It took months but King Edward VIII, now masquerading as the Duke of Windsor, gave his consent. After Edward's abdication the present king added his approval and the picture was begun.

Globe Trotting to Glory

Money was so scarce during the making of the film that Miss Neagle worked sixteen and seventeen hours a day, the complete production was finished in six and a half weeks, and instead of going off for a rest after her part was over she stayed around for the cutting and would probably have carried the completed reels to the theaters in the little tin boxes if not halted.

She once gave an interview to the press of Paris in which she said that she hadn't gone to Hollywood, because Hollywood hadn't insisted. This came out in a headline later: *Je Déteste Hollywood*, and she was terribly upset when she found that *déteste*, in French, meant what she feared it meant. She likes Hollywood but is sitting very handsomely where she now is and is taking no chances. She lives in the country outside London, attends every soccer match within practical motoring distance and has never married. A London paper was carrying an article on the subject last summer which seemed to simmer down to the thought that she hadn't married because it would be doing some nice man a disservice. In essence it was a slightly sticky affair, that article, and it seemed to mean that Miss Neagle was a confirmed old maid, which appears nonsense when one looks at her and talks with her. The thing must only be of the most temporary nature.

What she will do next she didn't know herself, when seen recently in New York. The Wilcox pictures are to be released hereafter by R-K-O in America, which makes her extremely happy, for she wants no more of Victoria business, with the cashier and the sheriff playing tag among the sets. As a matter of cold calculation she will probably be dead before making another picture for the simple reason that the excitement over Victoria the Great has been so extreme throughout the Empire that it has practically become obligatory for her to make a personal appearance wherever the film is first shown. She was in London for the opening night, was shunted off immediately to such points as Manchester and Birmingham, popped over to Ottawa and Toronto in an effort to do right by the dominions and was then present in New York to appease the burghers who like to see their queens in person if queens are required at all. If she decides to emulate the sun which never sets on English soil, she will be engaged for years to come and will doubtless perish of beriberi or bad notices somewhere in Ceylon, a noble and regal character to the last.

Sort of Psychic

Continued from page 17

just looked blank and said he didn't have the money. So they took the cars away. Sylvester brooded and read the ad over until he got his supernatural flash. Then he ran down and tried to take the cars out again, one at a time, by force. Next stop, county jail.

The boss hadn't heard about all this. That was luck. Anyway, Marion and I got Sylvester out of jail, took him to his room, locked him in, and went to see the chief. Marion was afraid he'd fire Sylvester.

"Don't worry," I told her. "Sylvester is in my department. The boss may run the rest of the company. But on writers, what I say goes."

She gave me a sour laugh. "Sure it goes. It goes in one ear and out the other."

On the way to see the boss we were trying to decide whether I should tell him the true story of Sylvester Trout. We decided not.

He acted friendly enough at first. Asked why I came back so soon. I told him I'd heard about his five models idea on the automobiles, and thought he might need help. He said no, the whole idea was killed. They weren't going to advertise five models, only the sedan.

WELL, that was a great relief. And with any reasonable raise, Sylvester could afford one car. So I launched out on the subject of more money for my demon copy writer. And the war was on.

The boss started wailing about those hundred and fifty salaries he had to pay. He had nothing against Sylvester Trout but it made the total too tough.

I knew the answer by heart, and gave it with gestures. "I am the first to acknowledge, Chief, that this firm we love so well is a business enterprise, not a philanthropic institution. I realize the perils of an unstable financial position." I delivered this in my quiet but resonant baritone. "I appreciate the necessity of maintaining proper cash reserves, of safeguarding those whose life savings have been invested in the stock of this firm. BUT..." I lowered my voice like a confidence man. "But, Chief, I am not asking that you enlarge your total budget, but merely divert a small portion of it from unproductive departments to your most important group, the creative staff." I paused to see if he was visibly touched. He wasn't.

"You're cracked," he said.

I could see it was time to drop the oratory and start calling him names. After ten minutes of that I showed him sales records of the products where Sylvester was writing the advertising. They were grand, every one of them. Then we fought back and forth. I offered to quit and he offered to fire me. Anyway, it ended up by Sylvester getting exactly half the raise I suggested.

I should have known it would only be half. That's always the way. If I'd had half a brain I'd have asked for twice what I wanted in the first place. But as long as the battle was over we shook hands, and swore eternal friendship. Just then I thought of another thing I might as well fight for. I asked if Sylvester could please work on the boss' pet account, the Savings Bank. He said certainly not, and we both started yelling and screaming. I finally won my point by threatening to leap out the window and kill myself. I wouldn't have done it, but the chief thinks all writers are nuts, so he probably believed me.

The Savings Bank account, I figured, was great for Sylvester. He'd sell the public, and himself, on all those tables that show how you make a fortune if you save \$2.95 a week for 90 years. Not that I cared if Sylvester died rich, but I wanted him to bank a little money each week until he got fired.

When Marion and I got back in Sylvester's apartment, I rose to dramatic heights. I told him it was unfair to society to use his great gift to persuade people, including himself, that they should buy five cars when they could afford only one. He should be glad justice had triumphed and the idea was killed. Then I tore up the ad, and told Marion to find all the copies and burn them.

"From now on," I told him, "the problem is different. All you have to do is make yourself buy one sedan. What's more, you'll earn enough to pay for it, starting next week. And another thing, the Savings Bank is your account from now on. See if you can't convince yourself that two per cent interest is the same as pennies from heaven."

When you give a man a raise and a swell new account you get an awful temptation to pat him on the back. But I avoided it like a master. Oh, I was brutal. I had Sylvester cowering. In the

SEE THESE NEW HOME APPLIANCES BY REMINGTON RAND

World's Largest Manufacturers of Precision Machines



Remington Rand ELECTRIC CLOSE-SHAVER

Here's the famous Close-Shaver that has ended all doubts about electric shaving. Doesn't take weeks of "learning how." It alone has all these features:

New-Type Head that shaves from almost any angle... *Greater Cutting Surface* and more powerful motor to give you a faster shave... runs on A. C. or D. C.... *Combing Bar* to lift flat hairs... *Light, Compact* design to fit the hand. Made by General Shaver Corp., a division of Remington Rand Inc.

\$15⁷⁵

IVORY FINISH, LEATHER TRAVELING CASE

\$15.00 WITHOUT CASE

\$17.50 WITH GOLD-PLATED HEAD

ON DISPLAY AT DEALERS TODAY



\$19⁹⁵

CARRYING CASE \$1.50 EXTRA



\$49⁵⁰

The NEW Remington Rand MONARCH PIONEER PORTABLE

A low-priced, sturdy machine for school work, personal correspondence and other writing at home. Both small and capital letters, numbers and punctuation. Arrangement of alphabetical keys identical with office typewriters. Made by Remington Rand, world's largest portable typewriter manufacturer. \$19.95, or \$2.00 down, easy payment plan.

The NEW Remington Rand HOME ADDING MACHINE

A sturdy, "Bantam" adding machine that's a giant for helping you total up bills, check-books, income-tax returns, etc., at home. Wonderful for housewives, professional men and small businesses. Simple ten key operation with correction and total keys. New low price for a precision-built machine. \$49.50, or \$5.00 down, \$5.00 a month. An unusual gift!

IF THE STORE AT WHICH YOU BUY CANNOT SHOW YOU THESE PRODUCTS, you can get them direct by sending a check or money-order. Or we can mail you complete information. In either case please be sure to mention your dealer's name so we can credit him with any sale.

REMINGTON RAND Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

I enclose check (or money order) for \$_____ for product checked below.

OR

Please send me complete information, without obligation, about the product checked.

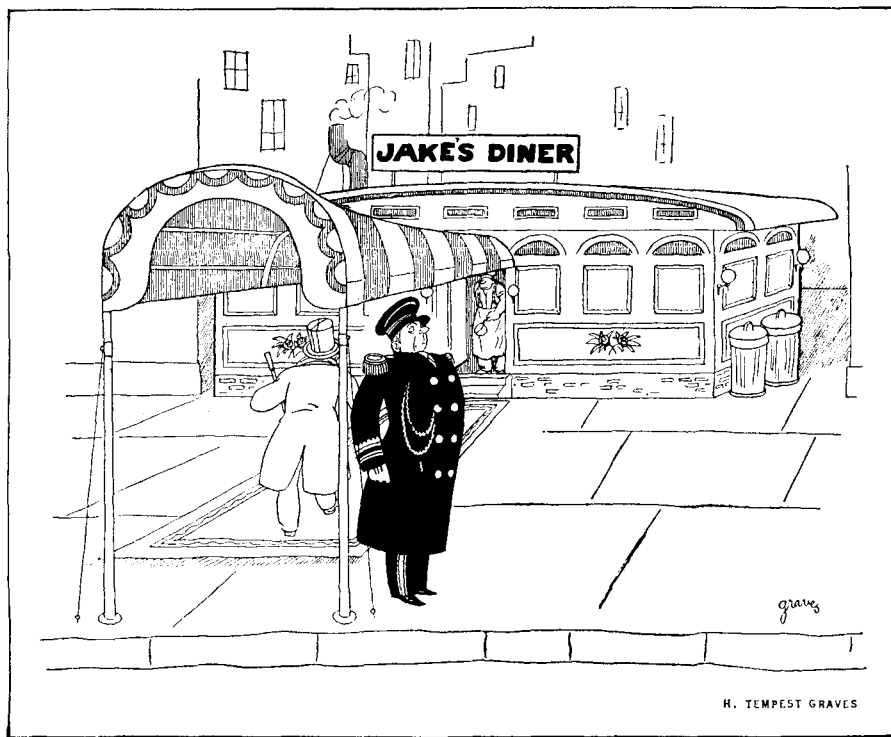
☐ Close-Shaver ☐ Adding Machine ☐ Portable Typw.

My Dealer's name and address _____

My Name _____

My Address _____

C. 2-8



CECIL B. DE MILLES
CASTING
DIRECTOR
TELLS TRUE
INCIDENT!

JOE EGLI, CASTING DIRECTOR OF
CECIL B. DE MILLES "THE BUCCANEER"

I HAVEN'T HAD A PICTURE PART FOR MONTHS—WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MAYBE IT'S YOUR TEETH, JANE—THEY AREN'T AS SPARKLING AS THEY USED TO BE.

BUT I BRUSH THEM REGULARLY. CIGARETTE STAINS JUST DON'T SEEM TO COME OFF.

TRY IODENT—IT'S WONDERFUL. NO. 1 IS FOR TEETH EASY TO BRIGHTEN. NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRIGHTEN.

I WANT A TUBE OF IODENT TOOTH PASTE NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRIGHTEN.

YES, MAAM. IODENT'S THE ONLY TOOTH PASTE THAT COMES IN TWO TEXTURES FOR TWO KINDS OF TEETH.

MISS BROWN I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THAT PART. IT CALLS FOR FLASHING WHITE TEETH.

OH THANK YOU. MR. EGLI—(IT WAS IODENT THAT LANDED ME THIS JOB I KNOW!)

No. 1 IODENT No. 2
TOOTH PASTE and POWDER
MADE BY A DENTIST
TO CLEAN TEETH SAFELY



**The Morning After Taking
Carter's Little Liver Pills**



**The Only
cough drop**
medicated with
throat-soothing ingredients
of Vicks VapoRub.

VICKS medicated
COUGH DROP

end I told him if I were his father I'd spank him.

During the whole thing he kept looking at Marion with those imploring eyes of his. If she'd said one kind word, he'd have thrown himself at her feet. But she didn't let down an inch. I remarked about it later, but she just tilted her chin a little higher and said she'd done too much for Sylvester as it was. That made me mad and I told her so.

"If I may coin a phrase," I said, "you women are a pain in the neck."

Of course, with all these goings-on, Marion learned all about Sylvester's system. And when Marion knew anything, she always did something about it.

You see, Sylvester was working pretty hard, twelve and fourteen hours a day. Really hard work, too. Because writing advertising is like writing anything else. You can do some pretty good practical stuff without killing yourself. But when you want to write something really fine, you have to tear out a little piece of your heart and put it on paper. You exhaust yourself. That's what Sylvester was doing. And for a girl who claimed she cared nothing about Sylvester Trout, Marion seemed kind of worried about it.

He wouldn't take a vacation. So Marion made him. She signed up the Lotus Travel Agency account. Before I knew it, she had Sylvester writing ads for a ten-day cruise to Havana, and before he knew it, he'd bought a ticket and taken the boat.

Well, he got a vacation. That was good. But we had to tell the boss why. And that was bad. When we explained Sylvester's seances to the chief, I thought he'd explode.

"I won't have lunatics in this agency," he screamed. "Throw him out!"

Then I saw red, too. "You're not mad because this guy is eccentric," I told him. "You're mad because you have to pay him what he's worth. The more things he sells for our clients, the more he has to buy for himself. And the more he has to buy, the more he has to earn. In fact you'd better put him down for another raise right now. He's writing copy on five accounts that make him spend money, and one that makes him save it. Sylvester won't ask for a raise unless he needs it, but when he needs it, he's got to have it, and he needs it."

The chief finally suggested something that looked like a good break for Sylvester. He was to get less actual salary, but the boss would pay for all the things Sylvester bought. The proposition really surprised us, it was so fair. In fact we thought the chief had suddenly developed a streak of integrity. But live and learn.

A FEW days later he called me in his office. He put the tips of his fingers together and looked up at the ceiling. "About Sylvester Trout," he said. "I'm thinking about these things he buys. They run into a good deal of money. We can save part of that expense."

"If you're thinking of taking the things he buys and selling them back," I said, "it just won't work. Every so often he reads over the old ads, and if he doesn't have a washing machine, or whatever it is, he goes crazy all over again."

"No," he said. "I wasn't thinking of that. But I have been able to bring in a piece of business big enough to justify his whole time, but still a product that won't involve any large expenditures on Sylvester's part . . . a chewing gum account."

"It's a plot!" I yelled. "You've knifed Sylvester right in the heart."

Of course that wasn't really true. It was a swell account to have, and the chief didn't get it just to spite Sylvester. But after all, the poor kid wasn't getting any fabulous salary, and it seemed only

fair that he should get a few extras.

The boss didn't think so. "After all," he said, "I have made an agreement with Sylvester. I intend to live up to my part of it, and I expect Sylvester to live up to his."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Okay, Chief, but sometime why don't you try to act like a human being instead of the Merchant of Venice?"

Anyway Sylvester had to handle the account. He worked day and night and did all sorts of screwy things. Had a couple of famous doctors in, giving physical examinations to people who chewed gum, and the ones who didn't. One day he shot off a gun and took a flashlight picture to see if the gum chewers jumped less than the others.

But he couldn't get an idea that satisfied him. Even when I gave him a new hat to pull apart, he couldn't write anything that made him froth at the mouth and go rushing down the street to buy chewing gum.

WITH no progress, the boss got jumpy. I could see that if Sylvester didn't deliver soon he was going to get the gate. Probably I was through, too, but I'm not a stargazer and can always get another job.

One day I gave Sylvester a suggestion. "When I'm stuck," I said, "I always do something new, even if it's wrong. Why don't you hop a train out to their factory? Different people make gum different ways. Maybe this gum is made from costlier chicle, rolled with contented machines, or shipped in more friendly freight cars. Why don't you go out and see?"

You don't generally get good advertising campaigns that way, but I figured the trip would do Sylvester good.

He went out, took a photographer along, and surprised us all by basing his advertising campaign on what he saw. All about the fine ingredients, and the spotless plant, the capable people, the world-wide organization; everything that made this the finest chewing-gum company since time began . . . a company that made you proud to work your lower jaw.

His copy was really thrilling. Sylvester kept writing and reading it and revising and reading it again, waiting for that electric shock that made him foam at the mouth until he could buy things.

Then I saw him dash toward the door. His eyes shone like they had a light behind them. He didn't actually yell "Eu-

reka," but I knew he had the flash. He was crazy for chewing gum.

I grabbed Marion and dragged her into the boss' office.

"The divine madness is on," I announced. "I didn't see the last draft of the copy, but it's all about the chewing-gum company and how good they are. Your troubles are over!"

The chief chewed his own gum a minute. "They're over if it sells chewing gum."

"It ought to," I came back; "it sold Sylvester. And when Sylvester is sold on chewing gum, no movie seat is safe. But that's not the main thing that's on my mind," I said, summoning up a little tear in my voice. "I want you two to know that you are blighting the career of the most promising young advertising man it has ever been my good fortune to meet. I refer, of course, to Sylvester Trout."

"You, Chief, with ill-advised economy and a shocking lack of moral fiber, have robbed a brilliant young man of the financial success he might rightfully expect. This, in turn, has a sad effect on Marion. She admires brilliance, and might easily fall in love with Sylvester if he would once do something smart. But no. He continues to let you make a fool of him. Hence, he is dumb. And dim wit ne'er won fair lady."

"Say," Marion interrupted, "are you running for Congress?"

"No, just making a fair statement in the Case of the Cold World vs. Sylvester Trout. And what's more—"

BUT just then Sylvester slunk in, kneading his hat.

"I bought it," he groaned, "I had to buy it." He looked at the chief like a sick calf. "I hope you won't mind paying for it."

I barged in with biting sarcasm. "It is well known that the chief is extremely fond of a nickel. But after your glowing description of our client's company, I feel safe in saying he will not begrudge you any number of nickels for their gum."

This time Sylvester nearly tore his hat to bits.

"Chewing gum? Oh, sure, I bought that. But after I read over my ad about what a marvelous company it is, I went out and bought the factory, too. I had to."

Marion looked up at Sylvester and held out both her hands. "Sylvester," she said, "I think you're wonderful."



XRAY ROOM

"I thought it'd be kinda nice if I could have an X-ray picture of Luke's face for our wedding anniversary"

ERVINE METZL



What's it all about?

ED APPLEBY is pretty much the typical American. He works for a typical big company. He lives in a typical small town.

Ten years ago, Ed's whole life was lived in his town. The rest of the world was just date lines in the newspapers, places to go on vacation. But the big Depression that started in 1930 did things to Ed's town, and to Ed. And since 1933, most of the important things that have happened to Ed haven't happened at home, but in Washington, D. C.

Washington opened the closed bank which held Ed's money. The NRA gave him Saturdays off. The AAA started the farmers buying, helped business in Ed's town. The ERB took care of the folks out of work. The CWA made a road past Ed's house. The PWA built the school where Ed's kids go. Up to this point, Ed thought Washington was okay!

Then Washington scrapped the NRA, made some folks work more hours per week; killed the AAA, made the farmers grumble. Ed has to pay income tax now. Social Security takes a little out of his pay envelope. A CIO strike put him out of a job for a few days last year. Living costs more.

This fall the stock market flopped. Ed's company has had some orders cancelled, laid off a few men. The merchants in Ed's town wonder whether trade will be as good next year. Prosperity seems to have stubbed its toe at the

minute. The business men in the town blame Washington, say the drop is due to the SEC, the surplus profits tax, government spending.

It's all pretty confusing to Ed. Washington affects his job, his income, his future. So Ed is mighty interested in everything that goes on in Washington these days. He'd like to know what it's all about.

His newspaper helps some. So do the radio commentators. But spot news, the day-to-day record of what is happening in Washington, isn't enough for Ed today. He'd like to know what is happening to Ed! And he has found only one place to find out—the national magazines!

Of course Ed always read the magazines. The stories were interesting, helped to pass the time. But today Ed, and millions of Americans turn to the magazines for more than entertainment—for enlightenment!

The magazines have time enough and money enough to employ people who can answer Ed's questions, tell him *what things mean*—not only in Washington, but in a changed and changing world. The magazines *interpret* as well as inform; report significance as well as news.

Because the *need to know* is so pressing, so imperative, to all types and conditions of people—the magazines are read today with more attention, deeper interest, more appreciation, more results, by more thinking people! Because the magazines supply a public service nowhere else available, they play a vastly more important part in the life of the American people—and of American business.

* * *

If your advertising needs an interested audience, a thoughtful and attentive reception—your business needs the national magazines.

Never in the history of your business has advertising been so important as now. Never before have so many media made claims to your appropriation. Never before have there been so many advertising novelties and side-shows to distract the buyer of advertising. But the national magazines, the mother of national advertising, still do the best basic job of getting attention, getting reception, getting results—at a lower cost than ever before.

It's time to put your major effort in the major media—magazines!

• THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • COLLIER'S
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

How do you feel on the Morning After?



WAKE UP FEELING BETTER...



BEFORE you go to bed, take Bromo-Seltzer. It offsets the effects of a party—helps prevent a morning-after "head."



AFTER you wake up, another Bromo-Seltzer relieves the effects of fatigue from a late bedtime. Leaves you peppier.

● Everywhere, people are enthusiastic about the new way to help *prevent* morning-after. A Bromo-Seltzer nightcap works while you sleep...settles your upset *stomach*—calms overexcited *nerves* and **ALKALIZES**—reduces excess acidity.

In the morning, another Bromo-Seltzer will leave you peppier because it checks effects of shortened hours of sleep. At all drugstores and soda fountains. Keep it at home, too!

BROMO-SELTZER

Helps prevent—or stop—
Morning-After



The Woman at Santarem

Continued from page 11

Then he was more cheerful. He gave her the gist of his father's reply.

"I told him that I'd had fever, but was recovering; that I thought of coming home ahead of the others. There's nothing I can do here now. Back there, I could take up a junior partnership at once. It's what he always wanted. And I told him I'd need some money. He's put a thousand pounds to my credit."

"Why didn't you ask me, if you were short? I had plenty."

"I may not need it. It's just in case. Dr. Weiss says I must not travel yet."

Edith Carver was secretly glad of that. She was puzzled, and a little hurt, by his eagerness to communicate with his father. The notion of his going opened before her the prospect of a long wait at Santarem alone.

Stewart Dixon said suddenly, "He was very pleased, I gathered. I think you'd like my father. For his generation, he's uncommonly broad-minded."

"I'm sure he is." She was surprised, and more surprised when he let the subject drop at that. A funny boy. Gravity rather became him, though, she thought.

THE days passed. Nothing happened at Santarem, nothing but little things. She didn't know why she found herself waiting for something. Stewart's nervous impatience, as he continued to improve, seemed to pass from him to her. She no longer slept well. It was the waiting, she told herself, this endless waiting that might well go on now for the rest of her life. John had broken his word to her once; why not again?—And she was getting no younger. The best of her life would be gone, past recall, unless she could grasp it now.

For what it was worth, she took pains with her dressing, with the way her hair was done. Her hair had always been one of her best points. She was still slender, too. The simple, white dresses of the tropics became her, made her look younger. Dr. Weiss was always gallant; but it was a triumph when Stewart looked at her, said nothing for a moment, and then, "You are uncommonly beautiful tonight!" "Uncommonly" was a favorite adverb with him.

He was still getting stronger, but slowly. The climate, Weiss explained. "It's a pickle. You say, pickle? It takes a long time here to gain strength. But travel itself is dangerous in his condition, and still more the sudden change to a better air. I think he should stay here maybe a month yet. That is my advice." He chuckled. "Besides, I should miss my good dinners!"

"You could dine with me. I have to wait for my husband."

"True. I had forgotten him."

"It looks as if he had forgotten me!"

But then there was word from him. An Indian brought the note. It was very brief and matter-of-fact. They had found the pyrolusite, a huge bed of it. It was so rich a deposit, they would inevitably be delayed beyond the time he had reckoned. He hoped that Santarem wasn't too deadly. His best to young Stewart. "My love, John."

Edith Carver read it through twice, went in and dropped on her bed and wept. But she had room for anger, too. Just a scribbled note, one page torn from his notebook! He might at least have written a proper letter. Was she his wife? Or just the woman at Santarem?

She had forgotten how flimsy the walls of the house were, how every sound carried. When she came out, having tried to remove the traces of tears, Stewart was sitting in the living room, his head in his hands. He jumped up. "My God,

Edith, I can't stand it to hear you cry! Whatever it was, you mustn't cry again. Promise me that!"

She did cry again, and at once, against his thin, hard shoulder. It was luxury to cry like that, with his arms around her. But Stewart was shaking her, not gently. "Stop it, Edith! Listen to me—I'm going to take you away!"

She was woman enough to think quite clearly, even while her tears were flowing. What did he mean? Was this her fourteenth proposal?

It was. "I can't help it. I'm mad about you! Edith, you've got to come with me. We can arrange for a divorce. I'd feel a lot more guilty if Mr. Carver hadn't treated you the way he has. We'll go back home. I'm going to give you the place you ought to have."

In those other proposals, she had always been mistress of the situation, competent, collected, kind. Her mind was clear enough now. But when she stepped back, slowly, out of Stewart's embrace, she hadn't refused him. "Oh, my dear, I must go and make myself tidy." She patted his cheek with her finger tips. "You wouldn't want to marry a woman looking like this!"

When he saw her again, she would look very different! Besides, she wanted to be alone with the quick-springing happiness within her. It was like her, being happy, to sit down at once to her makeshift dressing table. John's note lay there, and she brushed it aside, to the floor. She wouldn't spoil this feeling that possessed her now. This was happiness, and happiness took first place.

It was happiness rather than careful grooming that accounted for her radiant appearance later in the evening. Perversely, Stewart said nothing about it. He kissed her before drawing back her chair, but without endearments. He was serious, his mind turned to practical considerations. When they were seated, he began upon them at once.

"You didn't like it very well when I insisted on getting word to my father, did you? But, Edith, it was for you I did it. I loved you, and I had to plan what to do. I didn't need money for myself, but for the two of us—"

"Were you so sure of me?" She smiled.

But he was grave. "You didn't understand when I told you that my father was broad-minded. I meant that he wouldn't object to my marrying you. I'm sure he wouldn't."

"I don't remember promising to marry you!"

HE WAS taken aback, but then he smiled. "Oh, but that's settled! We've only got to attend to details."

Details didn't interest Edith. It wasn't in them that she found her happiness. An incongruous notion came to unsettle her—of how Dr. Weiss, as a younger man, would have conducted a conversation like this. Because that was the way she preferred, and to recall him to it, she said, "But, Stewart, I haven't promised! I'm very fond of you, but we ought to be quite sure we want it badly enough."

She was disappointed. The prompting had no effect. He brushed it aside. They could get a ship at Para. He had thought it all out. Nothing but an English divorce would do. Another might not be valid. He was surprised when Edith left the table early. A headache; she was going to bed.

In her own room, it was a near thing between laughter and tears. What diverted her from either was a sudden compunction for those others, thirteen

of them, who had wanted to marry her. She hadn't known until now what it was to be the more eager of two. Stewart's careful forethought might be a tribute in its way—she didn't know. None of the others had formed any plans. They had only wanted her. Half expecting his knock at her door, she sat for an hour without undressing. Nothing happened. Then, not very late, she heard Stewart moving about, making ready for bed. After that she went to bed herself and tossed a long time before she could sleep. But she did fall asleep at last.

To marry Stewart Dixon, or not? It wasn't likely that there would be others, after him. If she wanted to save anything of her best years, she must do it now. But she didn't decide, either way. The knowledge that the decision was hers to make was nearly as sweet as making it. She would keep it as long as she could, keep that much of her youth, anyway.

Dr. Weiss came in the morning, before Stewart was up, and stayed for two hours. When he went away, leaving them together, they didn't talk much. That was a tacit agreement. Yesterday hadn't been a success for either of them. They wanted to avoid a repetition of it. Edith asked for nothing better than that nothing should be changed.

THE days ran into one long, happy day. Afterward, she could not remember how long it was, a week or two weeks or three. This was what she had wanted—to have the future hang on her word, and so to be able to forget it. Stewart waited for her to decide. She could feel his eyes upon her, but without reproach. As the time passed, he was less grave; he grew almost cheerful. A kind of comradeship sprang up between them.

It was doing Stewart good. Something was, anyway. For the first time, she heard him singing in his bath. When she teased him, he admitted it readily. "The doctor says I'm a healthy man. He's going to let me go."

He looked at her as if weighing something in his mind, then made his decision. "I should have had to tell you very soon; it might as well be now. I expect to leave Santarem in a week."

He had been looking at her steadily. Now he let his eyes drop, and she was glad of that. "I won't apologize; you've made that unnecessary. But I want to tell you how much I admire you. You were perfect! You didn't stand on your dignity, or laugh at me. But you made me feel like a very small boy. I don't think I shall ever bother a married lady with my attentions again!"

Edith said, "Oh, my dear—"

But he went on. "I hope it was the last of the fever, nothing more. Whatever it was, you were more than equal to it. I've admired, especially, the way you contrived to let the whole matter drop, these last weeks. I've promised never to propose to another fellow's wife again." He peered at her. "Oh, damn! I've made you cry!"

"It's nothing," said the bravest woman in Brazil, and dabbed at her eyes. "I'm awfully glad it turned out this way."

THAT was an untruth, but only for two days. The third, she had gone to lie down in the afternoon, with the ache of her wretchedness still sharp. Not for Stewart, but for the youth that had slipped through her fingers while she played with it. Mistress that she was at terminating these sudden love affairs, this time she had not needed to. This time, the boy had done it for her. That hurt, bitterly. She lay, staring at the ceiling, listening to the little noises of the house. There were steps that moved across the porch, the living room and stopped at her door. She sat up as the door was flung open. John came in.

He had her in his arms before she could speak his name. After a time, he asked, "Did you get my scrawl?"

"Yes. John, you're not sick? You said you'd be delayed."

"I know. I was too fed up to write you a decent letter. I was sick of the whole thing, especially when it seemed we'd be delayed another month. So I told Collins to take over. He's young and a single man, and he was pleased. My part of the job was done, really. He can carry on without me."

"Poor old boy! Was it so bad?"

"Bad enough. You were right about this trip—I should never have come. But I've learned my lesson. It's back to Twickenham, my girl, and London! I want to go to every decent play that's put on. And have supper at Scott's after each one. And buy books at Hatchard's. And meet you for tea when you're done shopping for the day. Let's catch up on some of the things we've missed!"

"If we're going to do all that, I'll have to put my shoes on."

"Do. By the way, you look stunning!"

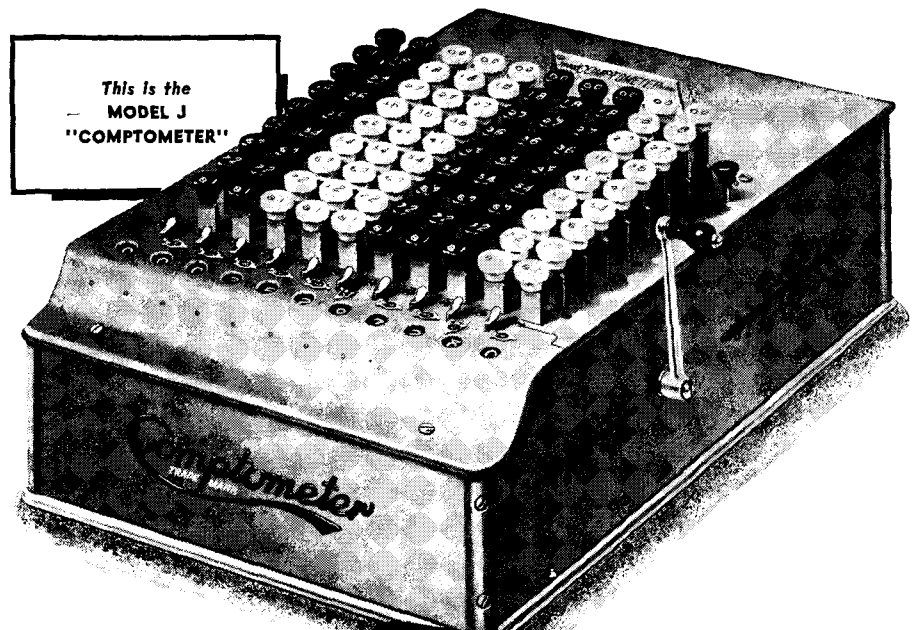
"Thanks, I'm all right. Glad to get out of Santarem!"

"I should think so! Right away!"

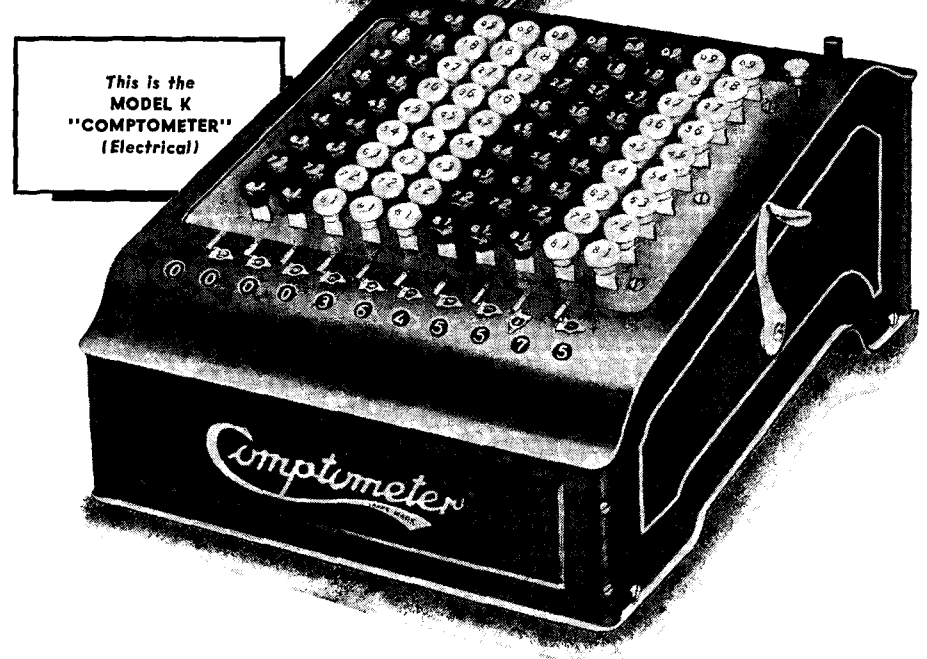
BUT little Dr. Weiss remembers her. In Santarem, he is still busy composing a waltz in her honor. It will take a long time, but he will be happy until it is done. And perhaps even after that.

FIGURES...

While they're "HOT!"



This is the
MODEL J
"COMPTOMETER"



This is the
MODEL K
"COMPTOMETER"
(Electrical)

Let's be fundamental. Time is money. "Comptometer" methods save money—because "Comptometer" methods save precious minutes, hours and days in handling figure work.

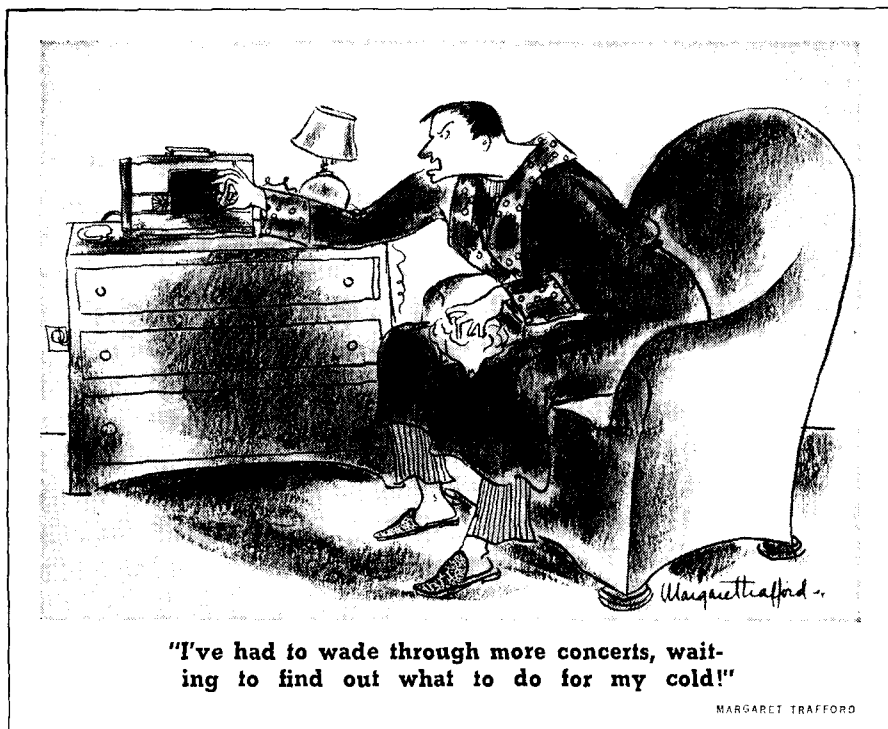
Nothing mysterious about this—just a matter of increased speed, accuracy and flexibility.

A representative will gladly demonstrate (in your office, on your job) how "Comptometer" methods can save your time and money.

Telephone the local "Comptometer" office, or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

COMPTOMETER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"I've had to wade through more concerts, waiting to find out what to do for my cold!"

MARGARET TRAFFORD

Turn INTO EASY STREET

That Quaker State sign marks the beginning of Easy Street for your car. Quaker State Winter Oil takes the worry out of cold weather driving. It's made only of the finest Pennsylvania crude oil, specially refined for Winter. Retail price, 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED — GUARANTEED

New Americans

Continued from page 15

largely in the purely labor issues of motors and mining. Anthracite and its rights and wrongs have entered into his soul.

I aired my lifelong insistence that we and our world are all horribly at sixes and sevens mentally, and that first and foremost the world has to learn and think. He denied hotly that the American Labor Party ignored education.

But I could not satisfy myself that what labor means by education in America is anything more than an upward extension of the scholastic thing, qualified by a certain amount of training for political efficiency. I doubt if in America labor has got even so far as J. F. Horrabin of the British Plebs League or Laski and Strachey of the London Left Book Club, men who have evidently concluded long ago that equipment for an eternal class war is the sole end of human education.

The Delusion of Utopianism

I do not believe that any benefit will accrue to America through the development of a special Labor Party in its political life. It is likely to be a heavy drag on intelligent reconstruction. As it has been in Britain. Labor parties have failed to become anything but trade-union parties and trade unionism is nothing more than the defensive organization of the workers under a private capitalistic system. Its natural tactics are defensive and obstructive. It aims at shorter hours, better pay and a restraint upon dismissals. It is unable to imagine a new system.

Only a hundred years ago Karl Marx evolved a fantastic notion, partly from an inadequate analysis of British trade unionism and partly out of his inner consciousness that the worker mass could become a mighty reconstructive force in the world. With no blueprints of what it was going to reconstruct. That would be the heresy of Utopianism. That delusion, embodied in Communism and labor Socialism, has undermined and checked the forces of science and creative liberalism for a century.

The British labor leaders, in power, showed themselves politicians within the containing politics of their time; they had neither the imagination nor the confidence in themselves to lay hands upon the universities, the diplomatic service, the foreign office and the monetary and financial organizations they found in being; they seem never to have heard of the gold standard until it hit them; and put to the test they did not even "nationalize" anything of importance. John L. Lewis may end in the White House as Ramsay MacDonald ended in royal favor, Clynes and Henderson in court costumes and Snowden and Webb in the House of Lords. But "end" is the word for what any definitely labor politician seems likely to do in the way of creative reconstruction.

Why Not Something American?

I question indeed if the United States has sufficient time ahead to go through a phase of class politics at all. It has had all the possibilities of that worked out for it and ready for study—from Great Britain to Russia. It is an unprecedented country in its size, its freedom and its physical opportunities and I think the world has a right to expect something characteristic and original from it.

Cannot it cut out that particular phase and get on?

Every country nowadays shows a contrast between the old and the young—a contrast in more than age; but in America the contrast is astonishing. One still has the old boys with their stately fatherly presences, uttering platitudes with an intensity of conviction unknown in the rest of the world—and then you meet the young.

I found a new generation, alert and interrogative. They have learned about life in three courses of instruction. The disillusionment of the war made them pacifist. At first in rather a shallow fashion. They just proclaimed they were not to be humbugged into that sort of thing again.

Then before they could settle down into isolationism came the collapse that necessitated the New Deal. There again there was a tendency to think cheap and there was a rush of uncritical Communism, happily arrested—"happily" so far as America goes—by the Moscow trials and the Trotsky controversy. Now they seem to be facing the American problem in something like its real distinctness and complexity. They have to go farther and reconstruct more fundamentally than Marx ever dreamed of, making new minds as well as a new world. I talked to a bunch at Harvard and I talked to a bunch at Yale and sampled individuals in the other places I visited. Cheap red paint is at a discount. You could put all the organized Communists, rich undergraduates and genuine proletarians together in a third-rate town and still have houses to let.

Reconstruction through socialization, strenuous educational work to build up a competent receiver for bankrupt and expropriated public utilities, a steady development of a loyal civil service, freed from—"Farleyism" seems to be the word I want—and after this harsh winter a new spring may break upon the world from America. Through its renaissance young people.

America, Unfinished Land

Two young men—for so I speak of men in the early forties, nowadays—produce a vivid effect upon me, the presidents of Harvard and Yale. They are something new in my experience of Americans, something fresh, clean, frank and simple. President Conant of Harvard, for example, is a very distinguished chemist; he has the balanced, lucid mind of the research addict, and he is deliberately turning from physical science to educational and administrative work. Everyone speaks well of him.

Ever since I met him I have been asking whether there are more like him and why he is not in the running for the White House.

"He has been talked of," I was told, "but—"

Well?

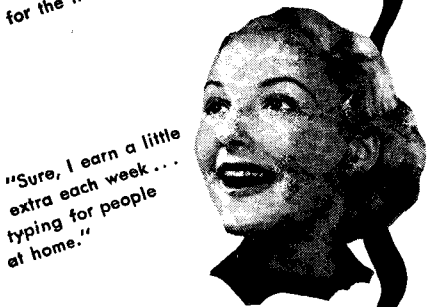
"You see we've already had one college president in the White House—Wilson."

It seems an inadequate excuse.

As the Queen Mary with a sort of lazy swiftness pulled out from dock, I watched the great gray and brown and amber masses, cliffs and pinnacles of middle and then of lower New York, soften in the twilight and light up. What a spectacle it is! Such towering achievement and so little finality. How much more vitally unfinished than the contour of dear old Saint Paul's brooding like a shapely episcopalian hen over the futile uneasiness of London! America seems to have a limitless capacity for scrapping and beginning again.



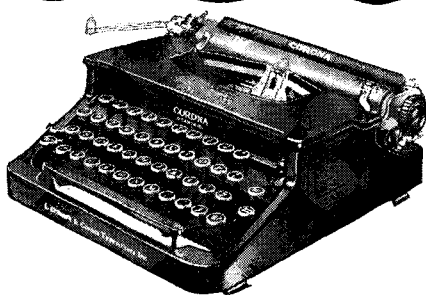
"I'm not going to stay on the pumps all my life. You ought to see the reports I type out each week for the head office."



"Sure, I earn a little extra each week... typing for people at home."



"Surprising how much more work you get done with a Corona."



Take home this brand-new Corona Portable \$100 for as little as... **1 A WEEK!**

Whether you figure it by the day, the week, or the month...it's mighty little to pay for what Corona gives you!

A grand machine... fast, sturdy, complete...and the *only* portable with the effortless "Floating Shift!" Mail coupon for free descriptive folder.

CORONA

1938 Pacemaker Speed Model

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Desk 2, 705 East Washington St., Syracuse, New York
I'm thinking of buying a Corona Portable. Please mail free booklet. If checked here ☐ ask your nearest dealer to call and explain free home trial plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

MAIL COUPON FOR DETAILS...

free carrying case and touch-typing chart with every Corona

East of Broadway

Continued from page 24

"Can I help it if I make passes at you when I'm not thinking?" His voice trembled slightly. "I never thought I'd fall for a dame from the sticks, but you do something to me—"

"Sssssh! 'Tain't time for that yet."

He looked at her, startled. Her wide-open eyes met his guilelessly, and he found himself wondering whether she was superlatively smart or superlatively stupid. He said, "Why are you so anxious for Eddie to hold that job at the Hotbox?"

"'Cause I'm mighty fond of him."

"How fond?"

"Heaps. I owe him a lot, Vern—you know that. Only for him I'd still be helping my aunt and uncle run a nice, respectable boardinghouse in a nice, respectable, sleepy little Southern town. You sho'ly wouldn't expect me to forget the favor he did, would you?"

"We-eell, no. But I thought maybe . . ."

"Shuh! Don't you start analyzin' a girl's motives, Vern. You'll get as lost as though you were walkin' through Four Holes Swamp."

"I've known thousands of girls. Good-lookin' ones. But you're the only one who ever puzzled me."

"Maybe that's why you waste time on me. Now look, Vern—won't you be generous about Eddie? I know you had him fired, and it's done things to him already."

"Should I weep?"

"No. But you said you'd do me a favor."

"And you. Would you be nice to me?"

"Why, Vern. I am nice to you—all the time."

"Don't play innocent, Linda. You're smarter than that."

"An' I reckoned you were smarter, too, Vern." She brushed her lips with her napkin and walked into the living room, with Gregg following. He took her arm and pulled her down beside him on the couch. She made no move to escape, but sat regarding him gravely with her gentle blue eyes. He said, "You're an icicle."

"I reckon you say that to all the girls, don't you?"

"Nope. Because they usually ain't. Now look, Linda—let's get down to business. You know I'm crazy about you. You know I don't like Eddie. The break I gave him was for your sake. I can get him his job back at the Hotbox—if it's worth while."

"I'd sho' be happy if you did, Vern."

"How happy?"

"Gracious! Do you have to measure ev'rything?"

Subtlety was not one of Vernon Gregg's outstanding qualities. Linda baffled him and he, perforce, took recourse in the only technique he knew. He put his arms about her, forced her head against the back of the couch, and kissed her full on the lips.

LINDA did not struggle. She waited patiently until the kiss ended, then rose and looked down at him. "I expected that, Vern. But I still hoped you wouldn't."

She seated herself in a barrel chair which was turned so that its back was to the French window opening onto the terrace. Gregg rose from the couch, crossed the room, and stood facing the terrace window. He said, "Why not be reasonable, Linda? We're all alone. Nobody can see us. . . ."

Vernon Gregg said, "Nobody can see us," and he believed he was speaking the truth. But—

Fifteen minutes after Linda had entered the apartment building on East 56th Street, a stocky, cheerful, pink-

cheeked man strolled through the lobby with superb nonchalance, entered the elevator and said, "Ten, please."

The car stopped at the tenth floor and Andrew North stepped out and walked down the hallway. The elevator arrow showed him that the car was descending, and so he retraced his steps and passed through a door marked "Exit," which gave access to the fire stairway.

He walked up two flights and came out on the twelfth floor. Two doors faced him. Behind the one lettered A were Vernon Gregg and Linda Waring. He paid that one small heed. He walked to the second door, took the master key from his pocket, inserted it into the lock and let himself in. The place was shrouded in gloom and had acquired that definitely musty odor which follows the long absence of tenants. The furniture was covered, and seemed ghostlike in the vague light which filtered in from the street. Andrew North was wearing kid gloves.

He waited. Patiently. Intently. Lis-



"He says he won't pay us if we can't show him where we mended them!"

NED HILTON

tening for the slightest sound which might indicate that someone had observed his cautious entrance into 12-B. Satisfied after a few minutes that he had not been seen, he moved across the living room, and opened the French window which opened out onto the terrace, and stepped out into the cool October air. For a few minutes he kept to the back of the terrace. Then he moved forward and looked down into the street below, and then at the row of three-story red brick buildings opposite.

There were two or three taxis, a few private cars, and a dozen or so pedestrians. North knew that there would be a certain risk of being seen, but he had long since decided to accept that risk. He tiptoed to the decorative brick wall which separated the terraces of 12-A and 12-B. No chance of climbing that, so Andrew North swiftly and expertly swung himself over the iron railing on the outside, and hesitated for an instant on the narrow ledge twelve stories above

the street. The task of climbing onto the terrace of 12-A was accomplished easily.

Once on that terrace Andrew North stepped into a corner which was deeply shadowed. One of the windows of Vernon Gregg's living room was open. North heard voices, though he couldn't distinguish words.

He took a revolver from his coat pocket. Vernon Gregg's revolver, borrowed for the occasion. With his gloved hands he polished it with meticulous care, so that there was no faintest chance of any fingerprint remaining. He was pleasantly calm and methodical about it all.

He moved stealthily along the terrace, hugging the side of the building. He peeped in through the open window. Linda was sitting in a big chair with her back to the window. Vernon Gregg was facing her.

North waited. He waited until a train roared by on the elevated tracks less than half a block away.

Then, with a hand which was perfectly steady, he raised the gun. The roar of the elevated train came up to him, and the bark of the gun really didn't sound so very loud.

Vernon Gregg stopped talking—stopped in the middle of a word. His hands went to his heart and his body sagged forward.

Andrew North dropped Vernon Gregg's gun on the terrace. He climbed swiftly back to the terrace of 12-B.

Mr. North was very well pleased with himself.

DEATH had struck with such incredible swiftness. Vernon Gregg was saying, "Well, don't I deserve a break . . .?" and there had been a sharp, terrifying bark above the roar of the elevated and Gregg's hands had moved toward his heart and his body had begun to sag.

He sagged slowly and he looked surprised rather than hurt. Then his whole body collapsed suddenly, and he sprawled grotesquely on the rug and Linda knew that he was dead.

She was astonished by her momentary calmness. Her hands were like ice, but she moved slowly and efficiently. She knelt by Vernon Gregg's body and felt for the pulse that she knew would not be there. She slid her hand under the body and found no heartbeat. She bent her head until her ear was close against the lips of the dead man. He was not breathing.

She arose then and looked down at what had been Vernon Gregg. She thought, crazily, "I wonder what he was going to say." She thought, "He's been killed." She thought, "I must call the police," and started across the room toward the telephone. But just as she reached out her hand to pick up the receiver, a dreadful thought came to her. She thought, "Eddie! Where is Eddie?"

She backed away from the telephone. There was a new fear in her eyes. She told herself that it couldn't be Eddie, that Eddie wouldn't do this sort of thing—this way. She argued that he could have had no motive. Jealousy? That seemed absurd. He had never given any indication that he loved her. But only she knew that. And if the police started asking questions. . . .

And so, because she was afraid for Eddie, she did not telephone the police. She herself was afraid that Eddie might have done this thing. It was incredible . . . but then it was equally incredible that Vernon Gregg was there lying dead on the floor.

Fear for Eddie gave her strength and courage. She knew that she must keep

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

equals 3 bottles of ordinary kinds

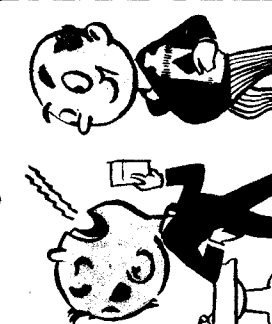
Even when diluted with 2 parts water . . . still kills germs in seconds . . . lasts 3 times as long.

Makes your money go 3 times as far!

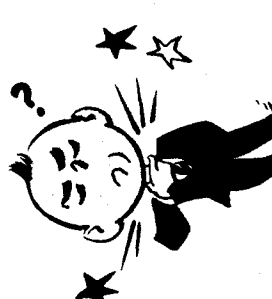
IN GERM-KILLING POWER...



Friend prevailed...



Throat ailed...



Germs inhaled...



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC helps prevent COLDS and BAD BREATH!



WHAT STYLE you can travel in today! Think of the original "gas buggies" and thank the builders of your car for having gone so far, so fast, achieving DESIGN that whets your PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP! Everything about...



... the modern car is finer! For instance, that faithful, hidden servant, your BATTERY, is better because battery manufacturers, too, have kept pace. You'd never neglect having your battery tested and charged, or getting a new one in due time, if you'd just...



... remember what goes on inside your battery. In a way, a battery is built to be used up—producing current. The SEPARATORS between the plates have to last, however, in spite of living their life in acid! That's why...



... most batteries, today, have separators of PORT ORFORD CEDAR. This remarkable wood has natural oils and lends itself to special treatment that makes it unusually acid-resistant. It comes from southern Oregon and northern California, and here are...



... logs of PORT ORFORD CEDAR being "splashed" down to the mills. They're "branded," just like cattle, so that the companies who've selected them for separator wood will be sure to get those particular logs! PORT ORFORD CEDAR is so definitely "the world's finest battery separator wood" that...

PORT ORFORD CEDAR
THE WORLD'S FINEST BATTERY SEPARATOR WOOD



her nerves under control—at least until she found Eddie. She'd know the truth the minute she saw him. But she must see him. She must talk to him before the police did.

She donned coat and hat. She walked out of the apartment and closed the door behind her.

When she reached the Hotbox, it was filling for the midnight show. There was a crowd at the entrance, and Linda tried futilely to push through, reminding herself that she must act naturally.

Then she saw Eddie. He was adjusting the microphone while the orchestra settled itself for the whirly-girly show. It was too late to reach him now. A headwaiter recognized her and gave her a table in a far corner. And there she had to sit tensely while Eddie moved into the spotlight and grinned boyishly and announced that the show was about to begin. Then there was a welter of swing from the orchestra rostrum and a line of young girls displaying quantities of powdered flesh cantered onto the floor.

She stood it somehow. There was hilarity, nudity, applause, wisecracking, drinking, loud music, blue cigarette smoke, innuendo... and Vernon Gregg was lying sprawled on a rug...

THEN it was over and Eddie, who had seen her, came to her table. His first words reassured her. He asked, "Why aren't you at the Skytop?"

"I had to see you. I phoned and told them I was ill. Can you beg off the second show?"

"Yes, but..." She was glad to know—and she did know now—that he had not killed Vern. "Something wrong?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Vern...?"

"Not here, Eddie. You've got to come with me."

He touched her shoulder. "Steady, Linda. I'll be with you in two shakes of a little pig's tail."

Just like that he said it. Casually. Easily. He hadn't done it—that was sure. But someone had, and Eddie was in danger. That was the real, tangible thing.

He took Linda downstairs. She heard him say, "Pull yourself together."

"I'm all right, Eddie."

They passed under the El at 53d Street. A train roared overhead and she pressed against him and held tight to his hand. He said, "Let's have it, Linda. What's eating on you?"

She didn't want to say it then, but the words slipped out. She said, "Vernon Gregg is dead."

"De—" He bit the word. "What are you talking about?"

"He was shot. While I was there."

"Linda! You..."

"No! I was afraid it might have been you."

She hadn't known that his fingers were so strong. They hurt.

"How did it happen?" he asked. "Who did it?"

"I don't know. I didn't see anybody." Her voice broke. "I can't talk now, Eddie. If I start—I'll break down. Wait 'til we get to my apartment."

North of 53d Street there were fewer people on Broadway. They walked faster, saying nothing.

Inside Linda's apartment, Eddie helped her off with her wraps. He seated her on the couch and pulled up a chair so that he sat opposite, their knees almost touching.

This wasn't the Linda he knew. This was no mild, unsophisticated little girl, but a woman in whose eyes there was stark terror, and a hint of impending hysteria. He said gently, "You've got to keep a tight grip on yourself, Linda. Now tell me exactly what happened."

Linda spoke slowly. She told him everything.

"You think the shot was fired from the terrace?" Eddie asked.

"I s'pose it must have been."

"You heard nothing afterward?"

"No... I reckon I wasn't thinking or hearing or doing anything... It was like... well, it didn't seem to be me at all. It was like I was in a theater... looking at a show..."

She leaned toward him. "We can tell the police now, can't we?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not."

"Why?"

"It might have been all right while you were still there. Even then they would have arrested you... the circumstances... that sort of thing. But when you left, because you were afraid for me... well, they wouldn't like that. Nor all the other things..."

"Like our being married?"

"Yes."

"And your fight with Vern?"

"That's it."

"They'd think we were really husband and wife, and that you were jealous... and that you knew I was going there to see him..."

"I'm afraid so."

"They'd believe you did it. Or they might think I did."

"You were there, Linda—and you didn't phone the police. That would look bad. And I haven't any alibi. At the time, I happened to be alone in the park worrying about you."

"But who could have done it?"

"Lots of folks," explained Eddie gravely. "Vern had plenty of enemies. But the police always start with the most obvious things. They'd think of you first—and then of me."

She sat staring at him. He saw her shudder, and noticed that the muscles of her throat were contracting convulsively. For a few seconds she sat rigid, shaking with dry, controlled sobs. And then—mercifully—the dam broke. She flung herself face-down on the couch and pillowed her head in her arms.

Eddie had never before seen true hysteria. It frightened him and made him dreadfully sorry for her. She was so tiny and miserable and afraid. She had been through so much recently. Her sobs were not loud, but they were deep. They came from deep inside.

Eddie knelt beside the couch. He put his arms around her and cradled her head against his own tear-stained cheek. They clung desperately to each other.

Eddie was talking—talking swiftly and passionately: "Oh, darling... you mustn't... Please don't, Linda... please... Oh, sweetheart..."

HER arms circled his neck and she clung tight to him. She said, "Hold me, Eddie... hold me..." and he held her. He sat on the couch and bent over her so that his arms were completely around her body. She looked up into his face, and he bent and kissed her. Her arms clasped him again and she pulled him down—down close—so that in their embrace they might shut out the world beyond that room and the menace which was closing in on them.

He said, "Please don't, darling... You mustn't... We'll find a way out..."

"Hold me tight..."

"I shall, darling. Always. Oh, Linda—don't you know how I love you? Haven't you always known...?"

She didn't answer that. She was thinking that she had never known, nor dared really to hope. But now she knew, and the realization blotted out—for a merciful moment—the picture of Vernon Gregg. She just lay there, clinging to him, and then, after a long, long time she said, "I love you, Eddie..." and then they did not talk any more because emotions which were too great for them had crowded each other so fast that there seemed to be no words left.



A SPARK PLUG MUST FIT MORE THAN A HOLE IN YOUR MOTOR



¶ The other day a friend of mine said his car wasn't acting just right. I looked under the hood and found three different makes of spark plugs. ¶ All of the plugs were delivering a spark all right, but all of them were for different conditions of service.

¶ There are cold plugs, hot plugs and many variations in-between. Getting perfect performance is largely a matter of getting plugs that work correctly in your car and fit your driving habits. A plug that smuts up or burns up in your car may be okeh for some other car.

¶ We have learned a great deal about plugs by building them for race drivers. Leading drivers now use and endorse our plugs. As a result of this experience we have produced a line of spark plugs with an extremely wide temperature range. They are known as "the plug that can take it."

¶ It will pay you to have spark plugs checked by a Bowes dealer. You can identify him by the red and white seal.



She said, finally, "I never thought it would happen—this way."

"I never thought it would happen at all, Linda."

"But you must have known . . ."

"I didn't even know myself, dear. I didn't know how much I cared until you seemed to be getting 'way beyond my reach."

"I cared," confessed Linda, "from the day we married."

Eddie hesitated. Married! That always had seemed odd. Then he said, "I care now. That's the important thing."

It had been their moment of happiness, the single moment when the overwhelming power of a new emotion briefly could shut out fear. But terror could not be dismissed for long and it came back to them now. Linda held tightly to him and Eddie said, "Get it all out of your system, sweetheart. We're going to have to do some mighty clear thinking."

"They'll never know . . ."

"They probably will. New York police are efficient."

"We haven't anybody to turn to—"

"I'd cheerfully take it on the chin if I were sure they wouldn't find out you were there. But I can't figure a way of getting into the thing without dragging you along."

She smiled, pulling slightly away from him so that he could see the courage of her lips and the tears in her eyes. She said, "You would, Eddie—wouldn't you? You're such an awful fool."

He looked down at her. "You're all in, darling. You've got to get some sleep. Tomorrow is liable to be difficult."

Her arms had astonishing strength. "You mustn't leave me, Eddie. You mustn't!"

"There's nothing to be afraid of—to-night."

"But I *am* afraid . . . I'm afraid to be alone."

HHE ROSE and pulled her to a sitting posture. He made an effort to talk naturally. "In yonder, dear. I'll tuck you in when you're ready."

"But you won't go?"

"You know I won't."

He heard her moving around in the bedroom. He walked to the window and looked down on the huge diamond-studded rectangle which was Central Park. It was odd, he reflected, that he really wasn't thinking of Vernon Gregg, who had been murdered. He was thinking of the aftermath, of the effect of Vern's death on Linda's life—and his. He was thinking of the danger that surrounded them and of the scandal. And he was thinking of what had just occurred. It had all seemed so natural and so right that they should love each other . . . and so wrong that they should have had to reveal it under such tragic circumstances.

There was quiet in the bedroom, and Eddie tiptoed to the door. He saw a little form curled up under the blanket, and his first thought was of how ridiculously small Linda was. She seemed scarcely to be there at all. He moved to the bedside and knelt. She was quiet enough, and he put his arms about her and kissed her and held her close. He said, "I'll be in the other room . . . if you need me," and then he turned out the light and pulled the door until it was almost, though not quite, closed. He threw himself on the couch and stared up at the ceiling. He was thinking of Linda and of himself. He was thinking of Vernon Gregg's death and of what it threatened. He was afraid and he was happy, and he did not know which emotion was paramount.

Manhattan's early-morning traffic droned up from the park and from the great crosstown street below.

The silence of the little apartment was broken by the sound of sobbing.

Linda! It was a steady, low, frightened sobbing.

Eddie tiptoed into the bedroom.

He stretched on the bed beside Linda. His right arm went around her trembling figure and he said, "Ssssssh!"

The sobbing diminished. His arm and hand were firm and strong against her warm flesh.

Linda was sleeping.

LINDA crept out of bed, and stood looking down at Eddie's long figure as it lay there in complete relaxation. He was fully dressed, and he was lying perilously close to the edge.

She herself had too recently awakened to have recaptured fully the horror of the previous night. In this brief moment she was happy, happy because she and Eddie had been brought together, happy because he had held her so that she might sleep, happy because she sensed that whatever the future might have in store for them she had known the feel of his strong arms about her and the pressure of his lips on hers.

She tiptoed into the kitchenette. The little electric clock showed that it was just four minutes past ten. She put coffee and water in the percolator; she put water in a saucepan and prepared to boil eggs. She took the electric toaster down from the shelf and rescued four slices of bread from a tin canister. And when breakfast had been prepared, she arranged service for two on a tray and carried it back into the bedroom.

She placed it on the night table, and pulled up the Venetian blinds. Eddie sat up suddenly and said, "What the—" and then the broad, boyish grin which she loved played across his lips, and he said, "Imagine seeing you here."

"With food. Sit up and get it."

He reached for her hand. "Fine way to start off being engaged. Not even a kiss."

She bent over and kissed him, but pulled away when he would have held her for a moment. She was strangely happy in spite of the fact that she had had time—too much time—to start thinking again. Over the eggs and toast and coffee, he regarded her approvingly. He said, "You'll do."

"I'll do what?"

"Riddles! You tell me." Then he looked down at himself. "The raiment is slightly mussed up, darling."

She said, "You seem to sleep well with your clothes on."

Eddie chuckled. "Ain't I the platonic guy?"

Coffee, eggs, toast—all his vanished when Linda said, "What now?"

"Whatever," he answered, "it can't be as bad as last night. Sunshine seems to work wonders. Now if we—"

The buzzer sounded. Sharply. Their eyes met and their minds snapped back to ghastly reality. Her eyes queried, "Is this it?"

HHE RAN his fingers through his hair, patting it into some semblance of order. He put on his coat. The buzzer sounded again, and Eddie said, "Come along and close the door after you." Then as they went to answer the impatient summons, he squeezed her arm. "Let me do the talking, sweetheart."

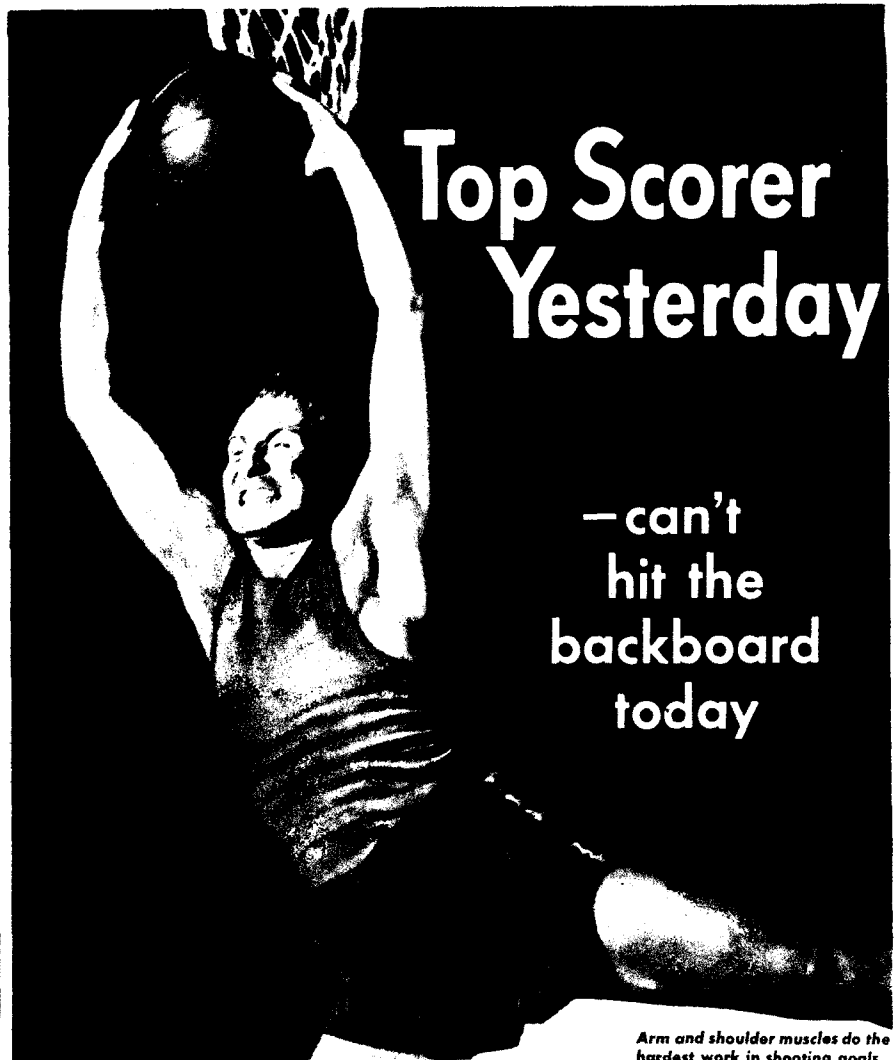
She nodded. Once again she felt cold and frightened. The magic of a moment had been dissipated. Memory of the previous night was crowding in once again. Eddie opened the door and stepped back:

"Mr. North! Come in."

Andrew North entered the room. His pink face was grave, his agate eyes expressionless. He carried several morning papers. He followed them into the room. Then he said, "Why didn't you phone me? Maybe I could have helped."

"Phone you—about what?"

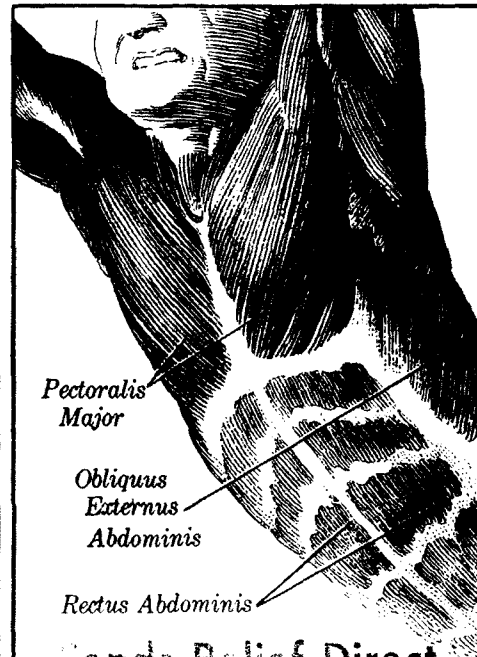
"This." North opened one of the news-



Arm and shoulder muscles do the hardest work in shooting goals

Top Scorer Yesterday

—can't hit the backboard today



Pectoralis Major

Obliquus Externus Abdominis

Rectus Abdominis

Sends Relief Direct

to Sore Muscles—

(Speeds Blood through Muscles)

After vigorous exercise, toxic waste products settle in the muscle fibers—cause pain and stiffness. Only the blood can carry off this toxic waste matter. Absorbine Jr. goes right to work! It speeds the blood through the deeper blood vessels in the muscles themselves. Rub on right after exercise, over as wide an area as possible. Repeat 2 or 3 times during the day.

Note: Gives a cool sensation. No fear of surface irritation. Not oily. For free sample, address W.F. Young, Inc., 200 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

YESTERDAY you couldn't miss the basket. **TODAY**—sore muscles muffle your shots!

There's a simple physiological fact behind this common experience.

Why muscles stiffen up

Strenuous exercise creates toxic waste matter, which settles in the muscles themselves. Causes the pain and stiffness you feel. Only the blood can carry this waste matter away. To hasten relief, a liniment must speed the blood through the muscles.

Absorbine Jr.'s action is direct! It speeds the flow of blood through the deeper blood vessels which are situated in the muscles themselves. Relief is quicker! Muscle pain is eased.

As the blood circulates through the muscle fibers, it brings fuel for fresh energy to them. You feel rested—your muscles limber up . . . and you are set for the next day's game!

Won't blister or irritate

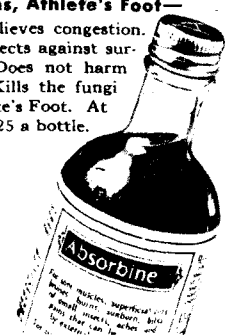
You can tell how different Absorbine Jr. is the moment you apply it. Cooling. No sudden tingling of blood at the surface. Absorbine Jr.'s action is directed toward the muscles!

Keep a bottle at home as well as in the locker room. Professionals and coaches have used Absorbine Jr. for over 40 years!

Bruises, Sprains, Athlete's Foot—

Absorbine Jr. relieves congestion. Eases pain. Protects against surface infection. Does not harm healing tissue. Kills the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. At all druggists. \$1.25 a bottle.

Absorbine Jr.



THEY CALLED HER "OLD RADIATOR HUGGER!"



She loved outdoor life, but so often she was too peopled, headachy, dull, and listless to go places and have fun with her friends! Constipation was back of it all—yet she dreaded old-fashioned, bad-tasting cathartics that left her feeling upset for days.

BUT THIS NEW IDEA SHOWED HER A DIFFERENT WORLD



What a wonderful difference it made in this girl's life when she discovered a modern laxative that's easy to take, gentle and dependable in action—FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. She found, as you will, that no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself!

You get ALL THREE of these important benefits in FEEN-A-MINT

- ★ **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.
- ★ **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
- ★ **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine, and works where it should—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

With FEEN-A-MINT, there's no griping, nausea, disturbance of sleep, or weakening after-effects. Just the thing for children—and they love its flavor. More than 16 million people have already changed to FEEN-A-MINT—make it your family laxative! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package, Dept. 9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS
Tastes like
your favorite
chewing gum

papers and showed them an eight-column streamer:

FAMOUS NIGHT-CLUB IMPRESARIO MURDERED

Police Hunting Unknown Beauty

North saw them reach—instinctively—for each other's hands. He had missed nothing; not the condition of Eddie's clothes, nor Linda's negligee, nor the closed bedroom door. He said, "Here are the other papers. They all say approximately the same thing."

Eddie tried to bluff it out. "Who—who did it?"

For just an instant Andrew North looked straight into Eddie's eyes. He said coldly, "I came up here the minute I saw the papers. I figured you needed a friend and needed him quick. If I was wrong—"

"Please! We're glad you came."

"Then don't play innocent."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

North shrugged. "It's a game we're playing, eh? Well, I'll explain. According to the newspapers, an unknown woman visited Vernon Gregg's apartment last night and murdered him with his own revolver."

"Who . . ." Eddie moistened his lips and started over. "Who was it?"

"They don't know. Not yet." North's voice was flat. "But I know."

He stared at them, indifferent to what they might see behind his agate eyes. He said, "I'm not forcing my help on you. I'm simply telling you that you need it. New York police aren't damned fools. They're bound to find out sooner or later—and probably sooner—that it was Linda."

"But I didn't . . ."

"I'm not asking questions. I'm only telling you that I have friends and influence. If you're in the clear, Linda—I can help you stay there. If you're not—you'll need assistance and plenty of it."

"But what makes you think . . .?"

"It dovetails too sweetly, my dear. And you didn't play the supper show at the Skytop. Now . . ." he designated the headlines again and made a gesture with his pink hands, "it's strictly up to you. I'm not butting in unless you want me."

"You—you think Linda was mixed up in this?"

"It doesn't matter what I think. It's what the police will believe. And if she was there last night, they'll find out easily enough."

"But the papers say the woman was unknown."

"Sure. The papers went to press an hour after the body was discovered. Besides, the cops don't tell the press everything they know." He turned as though to leave. "I'll remember that I came here because for some peculiar reason I like you two kids. So long."

EDDIE and Linda looked at each other. The offer of help had come at a moment when they felt hopelessly alone, when the very word had a magic sound. Linda nodded briefly and Eddie said, impulsively, "Mr. North! Just a minute!"

North turned, and Eddie went on. "We do want your help. We're scared to death."

The square-shouldered, stocky man with the agate eyes and pink cheeks seated himself and motioned them to do the same. He said, "Being cagey is swell. It's smart—if you know how. But you two wouldn't fool anybody. Now: let's have it." He turned to Linda, "What did the guy do to make you shoot him?"

"But I didn't! You've got to believe me!"

"Then tell me what happened. Tell it as clearly as you can."

Andrew North was more interested

than Linda suspected. He felt a warm glow of satisfaction as she talked, for he was reassured on one point: That Linda had seen nothing—and that she did not even suspect anything. He quizzed her a bit on that point:

"Didn't Vern say anything—at the moment, I mean?"

"No. He just stopped talking."

"He didn't call a name: or anything like that?"

"No."

"And you saw no one?"

"No. I thought Vern and I were alone."

"Hmmm!" North was grave—and, secretly, quite gratified. "It doesn't look so good, Linda. You there alone with Gregg. Him making passes at you. You sneak out without phoning the cops. Gregg has been killed with his own gun . . . which has been identified. What's more natural than that they should think he went a step too far? They'll hang it on you, sure."

"But even if that were true," interrupted Eddie, "wouldn't any jury let her off if she was protecting herself?"

"Not now, Eddie. If Linda had phoned the police right away, there might have been a chance. But when she ran out . . . that's not so good. You two are on the spot."

"But Eddie had nothing to do with it," said Linda quickly.

"No? Maybe I believe that, but the police won't swallow it so easy."

Andrew North leaned forward.

"I might as well hand it to you straight, Linda. Whether you did it or not, I'm telling you now—and you know I'm right—that if they should pick you up, they'd convict you. What sentence you'd get is anybody's guess."

"Easy there, North . . ." Eddie took Linda's hand. It was cold as ice. He said, "What could you do to help?"

NORTH did not evade. "I like you two kids because you've accepted me for what I am. You must have known something about my rep."

"Well, yes . . ."

"I thought so. I've been places and seen things. I have a heap of friends I wouldn't want you to meet—and they've got influence in the right places. Once you're actually picked up, there's darn' little I could do. But a few red herrings drawn across any trail will work wonders . . . and that's the sort of thing I can get friends to do—and without telling 'em why, either. For one thing, I can furnish you with a dozen foolproof alibis. It ain't clean work or nice work, but I've got the habit of going to bat for my friends. So . . . take it or leave it."

"Gee, Mr. North . . ."

"Stow it, Eddie. There's only one hitch. It'll take dough. You have to have heavy sugar to fix things in New York."

Eddie shook his head. "That seems to let us out." He leaned forward and asked, "How heavy, Mr. North?"

"Maybe fifty thousand. Maybe a hundred."

Eddie's laugh was bitter. "Why not fifty million? It sounds better and would be just as easy to get."

North felt his way carefully. "It'd be worth pretty near anything to come clear on this, wouldn't it, Eddie?"

"I'd give my right arm."

"Right arms aren't worth a dime a dozen. Now suppose you had money, Eddie—suppose you were a rich man. How much would it be worth to you to get Linda out of this mess?"

"You guess."

"And you're sure you'd feel that way if you really did have the dough?"

"Why waste your breath?"

NORTH'S brain was working fast. All he needed now was time. Time to get the money which was Eddie's, and then—well, it didn't matter *what* the police did after that. He had built up a grand case for himself: Eddie was in a position to believe anything now.

North said evenly, "Suppose I told you, Eddie, that you are worth a quarter of a million dollars?"

"It wouldn't even seem like a good gag—under these circumstances."

"I'll try anyway. You are."

He said it quietly, watching the effect on them through half-closed lids.

Eddie said, "I don't know what it's all about. But if you're kidding me . . ."

"I'm not."

Linda broke in. She said, "He's serious, Eddie."

"Would you be interested in knowing," said Andrew North, "that I was born and raised in Mill City, Ohio?"

"Mill City?" Eddie's eyes opened wide. "That's where I'm from."

"I know. That's one of the reasons I got interested in you in the first place. No matter how hard-boiled we get, we keep a touch of that hometown blaw with us."

"Mill City! But I still don't see . . ."

"You will. Now tell me this, Eddie—did you ever hear of a person named Oscar Blunt?"

Eddie rose. He wore an expression of amazement and of incredulity. He said, "Why, sure . . . sure. I'm Oscar Blunt."

"I've known that for a long time, too," said Andrew North. "And I'm telling you this: Oscar Blunt is worth more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

(To be continued next week)



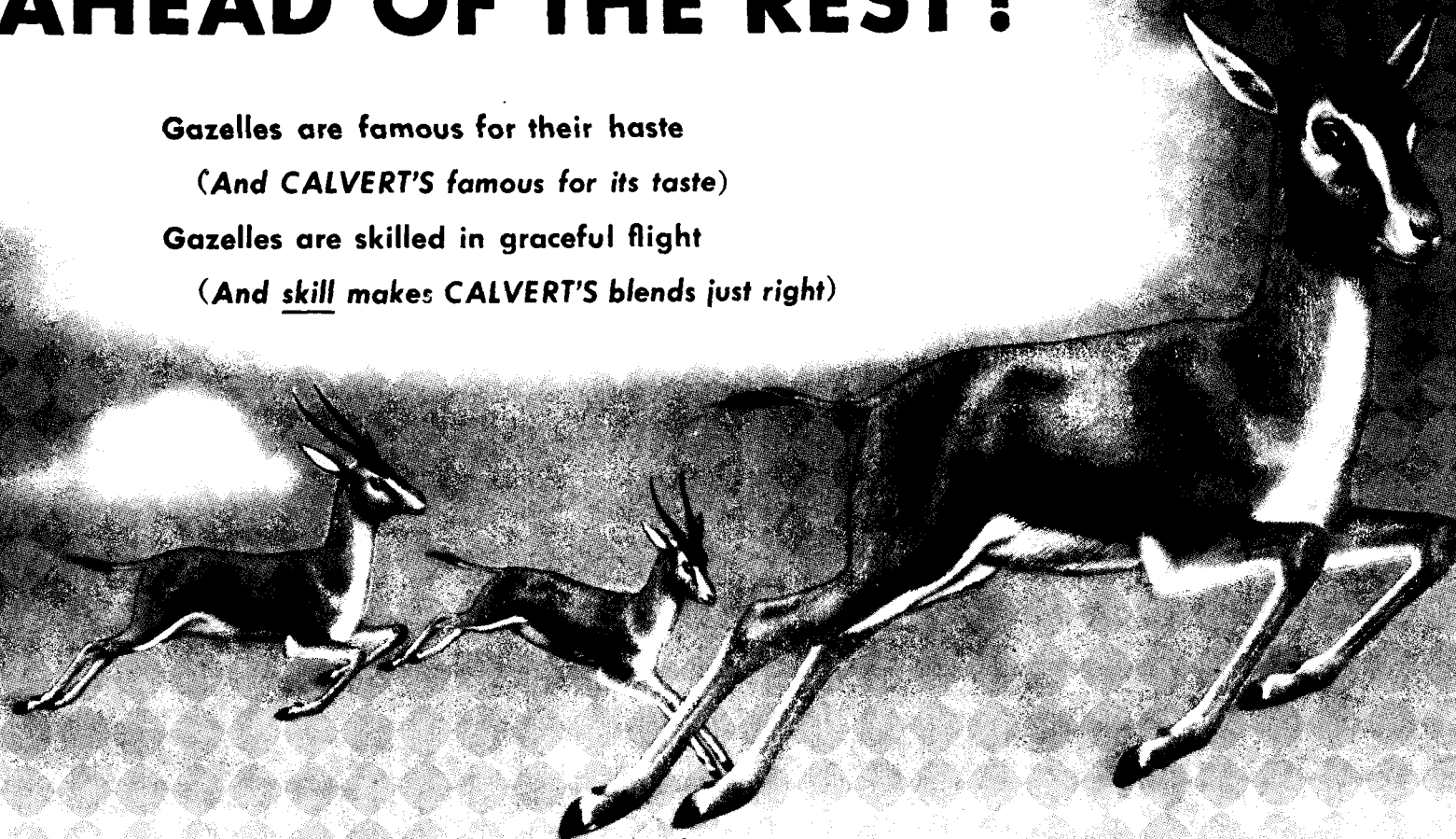
AHEAD OF THE REST !

Gazelles are famous for their haste

(And CALVERT'S famous for its taste)

Gazelles are skilled in graceful flight

(And skill makes CALVERT'S blends just right)



FISHERMEN'S LUCK!

SAY, CAP, THIS
SURE TASTES
SMOOTH! HOW
DO YOU DO IT?

WELL, I'VE FOUND
OUT THAT SKILL-
FULLY BLENDED
WHISKIES MAKE
THE BEST DRINKS

THAT SO ? I
NEVER KNEW
THAT BLENDING
MADE SUCH
A DIFFERENCE

IT'S MIGHTY
IMPORTANT. THE
REAL MELLOWNESS
AND FLAVOR OF
A WHISKEY COME
FROM BLENDING...

AND I'VE FOUND
CALVERT THE FINEST
TASTING WHISKEY
THERE IS, REGARDLESS
OF PRICE

YOU'RE RIGHT,
CAP. IT SURE IS
THE PERFECT
BLEND FOR A
PERFECT DRINK !



CLEAR HEADS

[CLEAR HEADED BUYERS]

CALL FOR

Calvert

WHISKIES



COPR. 1938 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—68% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS . . . CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.



Most women don't need beauty parlors. Your own doctor will tell you that sallow complexions and pimply skins are rarely matters for cosmetics. Because most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Dr. F. M. Edwards treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted remarkable improvements in their appearance. He used a purely vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet peculiarly effective because it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system. Try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.



3-IN-ONE oil is specially blended to keep moving parts clean, free from rust, and lubricated. Use it regularly on hinges, locks, sewing machines, tools, Athardware, drug, grocery and 10¢ stores.

3-IN-ONE OIL

FALSE TEETH

"Stay Put," Only If Gums "Stay Put"

Stability is what every dental plate wearer needs. Assurance that he can eat anything—appear anywhere at any time without his plate rocking, sliding, dropping down or popping out at just the wrong moment. But does he—do you—get it?

Well no—not permanent stability as a rule. As every dentist knows, mouth tissues constantly change. And as they change, even the most perfectly fitting plates tend to lose their stability and deprive you of security and comfort.

Have your dentist readapt your plate to changing mouth conditions. And never appear in public without first sprinkling FASTEETH, the new alkaline powder, on your plates. FASTEETH makes plates hold securely all day long. Special alkaline content prevents sore gums, acid "hot mouth," bad (denture) breath. Get FASTEETH at any drug store. Accept no substitutes.



pair of skates and took her out on that lake with the unpronounceable name. Vera still hates the cold—except on skates.

When Vera is skating for her own amusement she likes to waltz and whirl about like anybody else. What she shows the world under exhibition floodlights is something else again, naturally. If you haven't yet watched her heart-lifting leaps and toe spins, probably you've seen Sonja Henie's classic arabesques in the films, and Maribel Vinson or Bess Ehrhardt doing ballet and acrobatic capers while baby-spot moonlight shimmers on the ammonia ice and the spangled skirts glitter.

But the place to get infected with this agreeable malady is at your local rink, where Mr. and Mrs. J. Frost are practicing a tango and everybody is full of admiration because Mrs. F. has maneuvered a half-turn in the air and landed in a backward glide on one foot without falling down.

Because you don't have to be born with skates on to be able to do this thing. At the end of one season, if you skate two or three times a week, you'll be waltzing with grace and abandon. Miss Vinson, our American champion until she turned professional this year, says so. And Willy Boeckl, who was world's champion, interrupted a lesson he was giving a gentleman of fifty-odd at the Skating Club of New York to agree that that was quite correct.

No Weak Ankle

"But first you must say, please," suggested Mr. Boeckl with great earnestness, "that there is no such thing as weak ankles."

"So many people try and give up because they think they have weak ankles. I myself as a child put my skates away two, three times. But it is not the ankle, it is the skate. The skate is fastened to the center of the shoe. But in skating the weight is not on the center of the foot, it is to the inside. So naturally the ankle sinks inward. With some people less, with some more. I do not let a pupil skate until the skates have been moved toward the inside, and then we put in only half the screws until he has skated more and we see how far the skate should really be moved."

So draw a line down the center of your foot from toe to heel, and see where the blade of your skate should emphatically not be. After you've skated a while and observed how far over your ankles go, take your skates to the man who sharpens them at the rink—he'll know what you're talking about. The old screw holes can be plugged up. And when you get on your skates again you'll find you've got a new pair of ankles.

With that bogey out of the way you're ready to begin. What you begin is merely to skate around the rink, slow and easy, crossing the outside foot over the inside foot as you glide around and around. Pretty soon you'll be staying on each foot longer and longer, and before you know it you'll want to lift the off-foot into the air and stay on the on-foot until you go right around in a circle. Now do you know what you've done? You've done the first half of a figure eight. And when you change feet and go around in a circle in the other direction you've done the second half of the figure eight.

Bringing it right down to ice ABC's, you've learned your forward edges. If you look at your skates you'll see that each blade has two edges, one parallel to the outside of your foot and one to the inside. When you skate you glide

Belles on Their Toes

Continued from page 20

on one of these edges—skating counter-clockwise with the rink crowd, you're on the outside of your left foot and the inside edge of your right. If you stay on one edge of one foot long enough you'll make a complete circle—for two reasons. You're leaning inward to stay over the edge, and your skate is curved. You don't need to twist your body until you want to make a turn. Just lean the way you're going and the mechanics of the situation will take care of you. A firm but flexible skating knee, slightly bent, is one of the few things you want to remember.

The backward edges are the same thing going backward. For this you'll need a friend to hold your hands, because we aren't used to backward locomotion and we don't like the sensation at first.

Sooner or later someone will show you the spread-eagle. It's not a particularly pretty stunt—unless it's the Belgian Frederick Mesot doing his revolving ones—but it will teach you to turn your knees and hips out, and until you learn that you won't be a good figure-skater. You can do some homework on the sub-

ject, an exercise routine with which ballet and acrobatic dancers start their daily workout. Stretching and limbering, it's called, and it's particularly useful for skating because the cold tends to stiffen your muscles.

Limber Up at Home

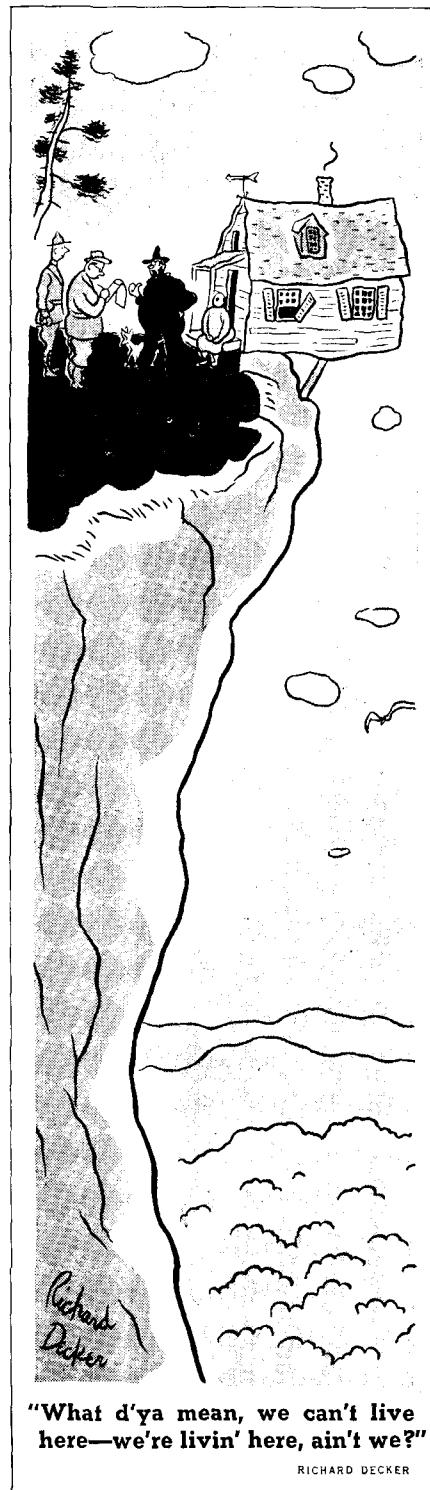
Skaters with a future go through the whole series, a strenuous fifteen minutes' worth. Reduced by about two thirds the routine will give you a good start toward that easy-flowing control that comes of well-oiled muscles working in machinelike harmony. Begin by standing sideways to something solid like the piano, holding on with one hand, and swing the opposite leg through a rhythmic count of kicks forward, back and to the side, then knee up to chest, and last some really significant knee-bends with knees and toes well turned out. Remember to get your hips forward or you'll look from the rear as though you were about to sit down, and that you must never, never do. Now squat on the floor and touch your toes, spread your legs and reach for your toes again, lie back and raise your legs separately and together over your head, lie on your side and kick the top leg straight up, roll over on your stomach and try to kick the back of your head—don't worry, you'll miss clouting yourself by several feet. Get some helpful member of the family to push your legs up scissor-fashion, one at a time, as far as they will go forward, back and to the side, and to push your head down toward the floor between spread-out legs as you sit up.

You're all set now to climb into snug-fitting underthings and brief dark knickers and one of those skating dresses. Let your mirror be your guide as to the length of skirt; anywhere from the knee up is appropriate if it looks well on you.

"Skating is cold, and cold means wool," said Willy Boeckl, shivering slightly as a pink-satin figure slid across his vision. At the shops, unless you specify that you want an exhibition costume, they'll show you velveteens in rich dark greens, blues, wine and rusty reds, knitted frocks, knife-pleated plaids with charmingly childish tops that button up to the neck. The perfect top is closely fitted but with freedom in the shoulders and arms—be sure the armhole is wide enough and the back and elbows don't bind.

Boots are the biggest item in your skating wardrobe. Nothing's any good if your boots don't fit. They should hug your heel and instep so your foot won't slide forward, with just enough width in front not to cramp your toes. They can be quite short if they fit narrowly enough and if the toe counter is high enough not to press down on your big toe. The advantage of a short shoe is a short skate, and the shorter your skate the sooner you get the feel of the ice. Wear your skating hose when you try on your boots. And when you lace them up, pull the laces as tight as you can over your ankles, then take a double twist in them or even tie a knot, and lace the rest of the way up comfortably snug but not tight. That feeling of numb toes and cramped leg muscles comes mostly from boots laced too tightly around the calf.

And now out on the ice and away with you, even if you do wobble. The first time you lean into the circle and get one foot in the air you may feel mighty strange, but it's no stranger than you'd feel if your heels had suddenly sprouted wings. Which, as we said in the first place, you'll soon believe they have.



RICHARD DECKER

When Russia Marches

Continued from page 19

the Hammer & Sickle war machine: Political control.

Weakness of all Oriental armies—and Russia's is Oriental in man power if Western in organization—is their dependence on leadership. Without any undue flag-waving it may be written that ours is the best army on earth, because it depends least on leadership and most on individual initiative and intelligence. Any American private in the rear rank will assume leadership if necessary, without being told.

But, without giving away any secrets, it may be said that our own army's tactics, in a war with Japan, would put great importance on picking off officers and so leaving the men leaderless and confused. The same idea probably would work against the Russians.

Time Fights on Russia's Side

The Red Army's best brains and leadership vanished in 1937 when Stalin liquidated its high command, which he accused of plotting against Russia—or himself—which he thinks is the same thing. Following this, politicians came into power both in army and navy, and the result was that the forces bogged down, lost morale and seemed unable to work up any faith in the military prowess of its new leaders.

Militarily speaking, Japan and Russia are in exact reverse. In the Soviet Union, politicians run the army; in Japan, the army runs the politicians.

So there is considerable doubt in the minds of foreign military experts in the Orient whether the Red Army can "take it." Some intelligence sections report that swift, telling blows by the Japanese might crumble the Crimson Crusaders and end the war quickly. But time fights for the Russians and if Stalin can rebuild his army's morale before Japan strikes, the result may be different.

Besides the Red Army, there's that guerilla force of 100,000 in Manchuria. Almost unheard of by the world, this force is concentrated mainly in the northeastern section of the country—a land of mountains, streams and forests, northbounded by the Amur, east-bounded by the Ussuri, and split in two by the Sungari. Across the two river frontiers lies Russia.

The secret GHQ of this force, from which it is financed and directed, told Collier's that its strength is 400,000 men, of whom 300,000 are "well organized." A better estimate seems to be 100,000, of whom perhaps half are trained and equipped. Organization started in the fall of '35 with funds sent up from China and arms and instructors coming over the border from Russia. Hundreds of Manchurians, too, crossed into Soviet territory, got military training and went home to train their own irregulars.

There are now said to be six "route armies," but these probably exist mainly on paper. Weapons are rifles, machine guns, a few pieces of light artillery, small bombs and hand grenades. Chinese backers of the guerilla armies say there are even "mobile arsenals" turning out bombs and grenades and doing repair work, but if there are, they merely assemble material smuggled in from Russia.

Anyway, these guerilla bands are grouped in an organization called the Kun I Len Chung, the exact translation of which is Resistance to Japan Consolidated Army. Racially, in order of numbers, it is composed of Chinese, Koreans, Japanese, Red Russians, White Russians. The inclusion of "Japanese" isn't a mistake. There are many ex-

patriated Japanese Communists, and for these the Kun I Len Chung offers a means of registering a protest against their homeland's imperialism.

The guerillas are unpaid, ununiformed. They are fed by farmers; recognize each other by secret signs, changed frequently. Volunteers are put to severe tests before admission to the ranks, to weed out spies.

Traveling on its feet, depending on a few wiry ponies and about 5,000 women for transport, the Manchurian army concentrates on two objectives: Destruction of Japanese tax collection posts; interruption of communications. Since the tax stations usually are lightly garrisoned their capture is fairly simple. The attackers are off into the hills before a punitive expedition can get started; bombing planes are useless against their scattered forces. . . . And the peasant, relieved of paying taxes to the Japanese, pays them—sometimes unwillingly—to the guerillas.

The women get into the army picture because whole families, rebelling against Japanese rule, leave their farms and join up.

The "route armies" are organized along Russian lines. They elect their own officers, most of whom are Chinese. The Japanese, who control outgoing news, dub the guerillas "bandits," but banditry certainly is not the main impelling force behind the irregular legions.

In a clash between Japan and Russia, in Manchuria, the guerillas would prove a formidable obstacle. The country is built for just their sort of warfare. It would be their job to harass lines of supply and communication and thus detach, from the main Japanese drive, a huge body of troops to guard those lines.

Another headache for Japan lies in the so-called Army of Manchukuo—composed of Manchurians and supposedly loyal to Henry Pu-Yi, the puppet emperor of the country. This army numbers 150,000 and the Japanese don't trust one of them. The Chinese say that, at the first chance, the whole show would desert to the enemy. The Japanese, however—like the Chinese—have a way of dealing with unwilling soldiery. The unwilling battalions are put into the front lines, and "supervisory troops" are placed just behind them—with orders to shoot down retreaters and non-stand-firmers. So maybe the Manchurian troops would loose off at the Red armies, after all.

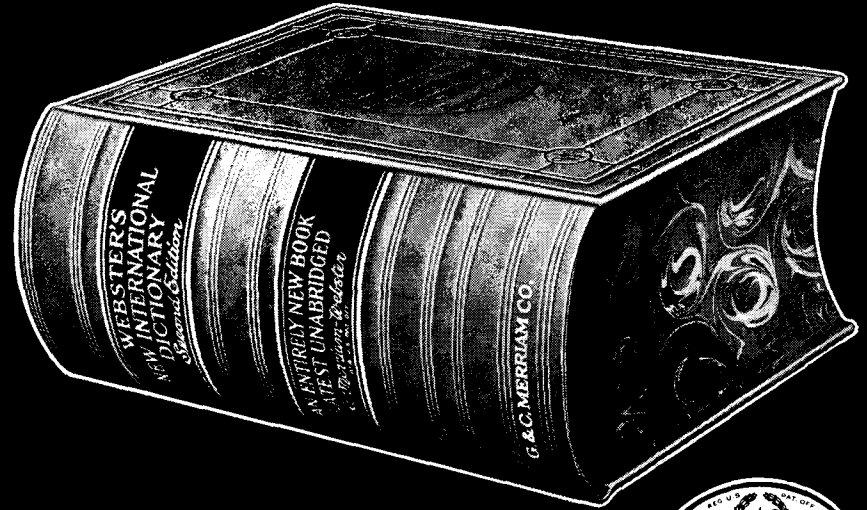
Things That Might Happen

Just how the next big Oriental war may start is anyone's guess. Instead of the drive through Korea, the Japanese may decide to strike farther west, cross the Amur and cut the twin lines of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Contrariwise, the Red armies may decide a brisk offense is the best defense and drive, from two bases, southwest and southeast across the Kingan Ranges that, like an inverted V, roughly mark off the northern limits of Manchuria. If this were successful, the way would be opened for a thrust down the South Manchurian Railway zone to Dairen—an all-year port that Russia wants to serve as an exit for her growing production.

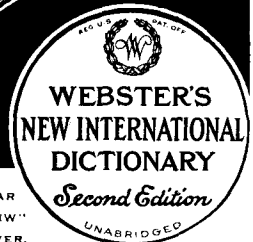
Russia, if she got well down into Manchuria, probably would decide to come on around the Gulf of Pechili until she got to Tientsin and turned out the Japanese. This would put Japanese forces in China's northern provinces in a precarious position. The most opti-

Warning!

When You Say "Webster's Dictionary"
You MEAN the MERRIAM-Webster



Accept Nothing Less Than
the "SUPREME Authority"



THROUGH four generations Webster's Dictionary has earned and maintained first place among reference books. When you are confronted with any question of fact, whenever you need to know, you think of Webster as the utmost in authority, the judge of judges, the court of last appeal. That confidence is warranted only if you use the MERRIAM-Webster.

Why the Only Genuine Webster Is the MERRIAM-Webster

At the death of Noah Webster in 1843, the G. & C. Merriam Company bought and paid for the exclusive rights to publish the only genuine Webster's Dictionary.

In an effort to preserve the integrity of the Webster name on dictionaries, the G. & C. Merriam Company obtained a Federal Court Injunction directing that the following state-

LOOK FOR THIS CIRCULAR
TRADE-MARK AND THE "NW"
MONOGRAM ON THE COVER.

ment appear plainly on the so-called "Webster" dictionaries there under consideration: "This dictionary is not published by the original publishers of Webster's Dictionary, or by their successors."

Look for the Merriam-Webster trade-mark. Ask your bookdealer to show you the Webster's Dictionary with the circle on the cover. The New Second Edition of Webster's New International (unabridged) has been completed at a cost of \$1,300,000. It contains the new words and the newly discovered facts about the old ones. It is twenty years newer than any similar work of reference and provides information in all branches of knowledge for today's needs. Any bookdealer will be glad to show it to you. Mail the coupon for the free, illustrated, descriptive booklet.

Genuine Merriam-Websters are not sold in connection with any newspaper offer; they are not given as premiums with magazines.

GET THE BEST...The Merriam-Webster is the standard of the schools and colleges of the country; State Supreme Courts; the Government Printing Office; professional and business offices everywhere.

Contains 122,000 MORE WORDS than in any other dictionary • 600,000 Entries • 3,350 pages • Color plates throughout • Illustrations for 12,000 terms

G. & C. Merriam Company, Dept. 884
Springfield, Mass.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Dept. 884
Springfield, Mass.

Please send me free and without obligation the illustrated booklet more fully describing Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition—"The New Merriam-Webster: What It Will Do For You."

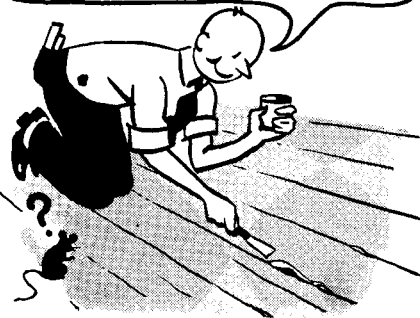
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

LAVORIS

Smokers like Lavoris — it
relieves throat irritation

The pleasing mouthwash and gargle

NOW, MRS. MOUSE, FIND
ANOTHER HOME...P.W.
IS FILLING THIS CRACK!



MAKES HOME REPAIRS EASY

broken chairs
loose casters
holes in floor
nicks

floor cracks
loose drawer pulls
screw holes
in plaster

With Plastic Wood—the discovery that handles easy as putty and quickly hardens into wood—it's easy to do an expert repair job. You can paint it, carve it—holds nails, screws. At paint, hardware, 10¢ stores, in 10¢ & 25¢ tubes, 35¢ cans.



PLASTIC WOOD DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists... If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 2707-B, ELMIRA, N. Y.



I Know
How To Look
CLEAR EYED
The "Morning After"



New Lotion Really Clears Eyes IN SECONDS!

"RED, veined eyes don't tell the world I've been out late! I know that dull, bleary eyes (due to late hours, fatigue, etc.) can look clear and sparkling in seconds... with a couple of drops of Eye-Gene!" This eye specialist's formula clears eyes amazingly... soothes and refreshes! Economy size at all drug stores; purse or pocket size at all 5 and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

mistic Chinese-Russian hope today is that this may happen, with Japan pushed off the continent back onto her islands. There seems small chance of this happening, but if it did, it would be bad news for the Philippines—presumably independent by then—and for the Dutch East Indies. Japan would almost inevitably have to turn south in her desperate need for raw material and mass consumption markets. The oil in some of the Dutch islands already is attracting her attention.

Oil, incidentally, is one of the reasons Japan wants the north half of Sakhalin Island. That's where the oil is and although Nippon holds many leases, she wants the whole island. The Treaty of Portsmouth, after the Russo-Japanese war, gave her only the south half.

The Japs Know Their Business

Western nations have always underrated Japan's national intelligence and war-making abilities. Even now, "economists" are solemnly predicting that the Chinese adventure will break the empire and that Japan will emerge from it a second-class power. This sounds like wishful thinking. The fact is that the Japanese know exactly what they are doing and that their war methods, informal though they may be, are singularly effective.

Japan started raiding into China back in the fourteenth century. In those days, and down through the years, she never troubled to declare war, holding that if you squibbed off a gun at a guy you didn't have to add that you were mad at him. She thus got a jump on all her enemies, who held with the ancient tradition that you had to write a letter before pulling a trigger—though why, no one knows yet.

Again, Japan always picks out as an enemy a nation weaker than herself and times her war so that her victim's pals will be busy elsewhere and can't help.

Having taken these precautions, Nippon proceeds to break all the rules of warfare—because that is the way to

win wars. Civilian bombings, college destruction, general frightfulness stir up a lot of "moral indignation" among neutrals, but as the neutrals merely write letters and get hot under the collar, it doesn't matter much. Beside, you can always send around regrets, denials and apologies.

One concession Japan has made to Western war-conventions: She has always claimed to be defending herself. Thus, she has defended the gates of Tokyo at such unlikely places as Mukden, Peiping, Shanghai, Formosa, Amoy, Nanking and Canton. At the same time she has managed to work herself into a lather of indignation at the impudence of her foes in daring to defend these places against her. Such Tokyo-defense moves as the bombing of universities and hospitals, the machine-gunning of helpless Chinese farmers and the sinking of junks full of garden truck seem perfectly logical to the Japanese mind.

Manchuria, which Japan, China and Russia all want and which one of them will get in the end, used to be a sort of Wild West for the Chinese. It absorbed huge migrations from the northern provinces and Shantung. Crop hands went north for the harvest, drifted back south with a stake for the winter. Living standards were higher, morals looser, life more free and easy than in China proper. Scores of thousands of overtaxed, warlord-ridden farmers settled in the country in the past century.

The land, despite new railroads and bus lines and Japanese expansion policies, still is largely undeveloped. This handicaps Japan, which is an exploiting, but not a colonizing nation. Absorbed into the Soviet Union, Manchuria probably would develop much faster than under the Japanese. The Russian advantage is a land tradition, similar to that of the Chinese; the Japanese disadvantage is a sea tradition. The former demands land, as such; the latter primarily demands markets and secondarily raw material, both of which depend, in turn, on heavy populations.

A combination of forces started Japan

YOUR SUCCESS is a matter of minutes—not years



• READ HOW 15 MINUTES A DAY WILL UNLEASH THE IMPRISONED POWER WITHIN YOU—AND BRING YOU LIFE'S RICH REWARDS

A FINE position, a beautiful home, motor cars, travel—sweet are the fruits of success. But how can I get them?—you eagerly ask. By attaining, day by day, the knowledge that will unleash the imprisoned power within you and bring success without years of waiting.

The universal knowledge that success demands—the ability to talk intelligently and confidently on a thousand and one different subjects that interest the alert, active people you meet.

This ability can only come from one source. An intimate acquaintance with the greatest minds of all ages—men who have made the world's history, written its wit and wisdom, phrased its philosophy. Knowing their thoughts, your own thoughts become freshened, inspired. You have greater power to impress and influence others. Acquire all this easily by following the simple plan outlined here.

15 MINUTES A DAY WORKS WONDERS

Thousands of men and women have paved the way to advancement by spending 15 minutes a day with Dr. Charles W. Eliot's famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books (*The Harvard Classics*).

Dr. Eliot, for forty years President of Harvard University, knew your problems—knew they could be solved by a planned reading of the imperishable masterpieces he selected from the great books of the world. With this priceless library, you sit in the front row while the vast panorama of civilization unfolds before your eyes. You absorb man's most sublime thoughts on religion, government, philosophy and life. You get the essence of a liberal education.

FASCINATING BOOK—FREE

A most interesting book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day", outlines this practical plan... tells about Dr. Eliot's fascinating Reading Courses... and how you may have this priceless library for little more than the average person spends for newspapers.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

Stop wishing for success, while better-read, better-prepared men are getting it. Take the first step now—by filling in and mailing the coupon before you read another page.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

(THE HARVARD CLASSICS)

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU
TO FREE BOOKLET

P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Ave., New York

I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (*The Harvard Classics*) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading.

Mr. _____
Name Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____



"Your hankie, Miss!"

A. ROSS

on her renewed drive for continental power in the summer and fall of 1937.

First: China was growing stronger every day; becoming a nation; piling up means of resistance.

Second: Stalin's ruthless destruction of the Red Army's brains and the threat from Germany and Italy made Russia temporarily impotent. There were sporadic mutinies, one in Vladivostok. Japan tested out Russia by seizing an island in the Amur River. Russia declined to fight about it. So Russia was out.

Third: Obviously America wouldn't and England couldn't offer any effective resistance. The Japanese political service in the United States reported we would do nothing save write notes and listen to oratory. It was common knowledge that England, until August, 1939, at the earliest, would have to sit back and "take it." After that, with a five-battleship and five-battle-cruiser fleet at Singapore and Hong Kong, it might be a different story.

Fourth: The Japanese political situation was getting bad. The people were complaining about taxes; the Social Mass party was piling up more votes at each election; business was kicking about restrictions. Despite rigid censorship and intensive "thought control" the situation was full of dynamite. So—the usual way out: A war of conquest. If not more bread, at least a circus.

So time became the most important factor. Every day she delayed, Japan's three potential enemies—China, Russia, the British Empire—became stronger. So did the opposition, at home, to her imperialist policy.

Nippon had to operate her Chinese war on a fast schedule, in order to recuperate and be ready either for Russia, or Britain, or both, about 1940. Any great delay would find her up to her neck in China, using up so many divisions against the Chinese that there'd be too few to face Russian battalions or British battleships. That was why, last August, everyone in Tokyo just knew Shanghai would be taken in five days. Actually, it took three months and five times as many men as expected.

A Threefold Problem

Japan, too, did not figure on the worldwide boycott that sprang up, due mainly to bad handling of Japanese publicity and the usual astute Chinese manipulation of the same powerful weapon. The boycott, incomplete and unofficial as it was, did have a psychological and material effect—and would have had more had not Japanese businessmen and traders been firmly under the military thumb.

A third obstacle to speed was the rebellion that sprang up in Manchuria, whooped on by the Soviets and Chinese in China, but smothered out of the news by censorship. But several crack divisions, needed for the Chinese offensive, had to be sent north to deal with the rebels, and this again slowed up the drive southward.

So Japan's problem today is threefold: To organize and consolidate her continental conquest; to rebuild her world trade, which is badly disorganized; to accumulate sufficient wealth and material from an overtaxed, overworked people to fight a major war within three years. Whether she can do it is something to speculate about.

It is a fair guess that Japan has a chance to accomplish her aims. She can build warships and merchant vessels with extraordinary speed; operate them more cheaply than anyone else. She can turn out 9,000-ton, 20-knot freighters in four months. She can slip 2,000-ton coasters down the ways in six weeks. She is spreading out over every ocean. For example, she has six lines of fast

new ships on the New York-Orient run. We have three old ships in the same service. In 1938, the Red Sun flag will invade the Atlantic ferry service.

What she is doing in the world-carrying trade she will duplicate in other lines. Boycotts fail, even in China, when price-cutting starts, and Japan knows how to cut prices. By hook or by crook, she will keep her plants turning and her ships freighting the world's goods. She knows exactly what she wants, and exactly how she thinks she can get it.

An interesting question, of course, is how all this Oriental explosion may affect us. The answer, in brief, is that outside of disturbing our Oriental trade, which is on the skids anyway, it will have little effect.

Nothing to Worry About

Americans worry about two things: The so-called Anti-Communist Pact between Japan, Germany and Italy; and the "Japanese menace" which visualizes an attack on our western coast.

The Anti-Communist agreement is a "poverty pact" between three almost bankrupt nations—though the bankruptcy is well concealed—whose interests clash all over the world. All three, for example, are after a chance to exploit Africa. A fifth of Africa's imports already come from Japan. Germany wants that market; Italy doesn't like Japan's trade dominance in Ethiopia. So at the first test the pact is likely to fall apart. Japan is more interested in selling a million yards of cotton goods than she is in protecting Hitler and Mussolini from Bolsheviks-under-the-bed.

Americans who fear a Japanese attack are being scared by imaginative people not quite conversant with the facts of life. If there is one impossible war on earth it is between America and Japan. Ask any military or naval expert. We simply haven't the ships, in the first place, to take an army across the Pacific; Japan cannot attack us without capturing Hawaii, which her own military strategists hold to be impossible. . . . But it is profitless to labor the point.

The continual anti-American barrage kept up by Japanese newspapers is misunderstood, both in Japan and America. Its real purpose is to generate hatred and war fervor, for use as needed. It is directed now against us because we are the one nation that doesn't officially resent it. Japanese papers can hate us all they like, because in the first place we don't give a whoop and in the second we believe in freedom of the press.

If the hate barrage were directed against a nation with a rigidly controlled press—Russia, for example—there would be a call for a showdown. So our role is to be a hate-receiver until Japan is ready to direct the hate elsewhere.

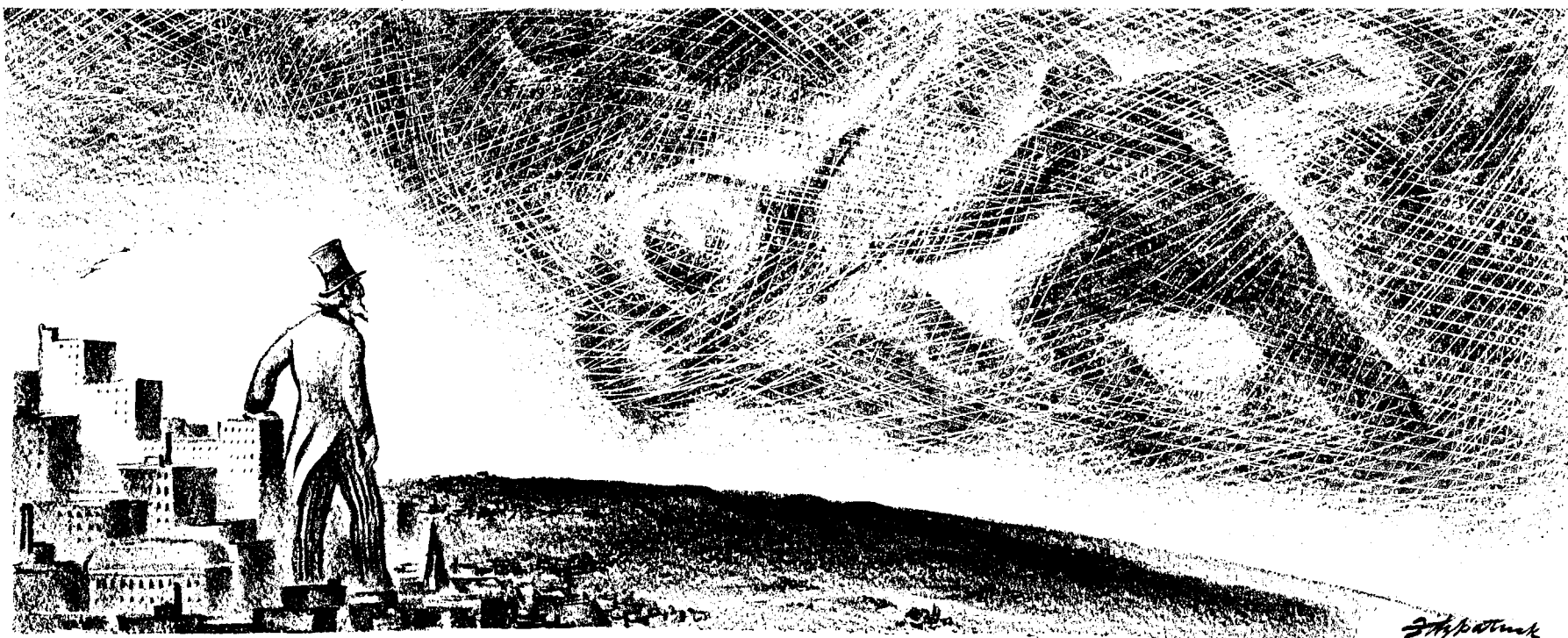
So we haven't much stake in the Asian war that's coming; certainly nothing to fear from a war standpoint.

Meanwhile, up to the northward, the Hammer & Sickle boys develop iron, gold, coal and oil fields in Asia's north-eastern corner. They build new cities, start new industries, lay track and spread concrete. They parallel the Trans-Siberian Railway with another line to the north, shoot out branches to two new ports on the Pacific, connect the two main lines with three north-and-south tracks. They drop tanks from planes and shoot armies through the air at 200 miles an hour. From Vladivostok their bombers fly just 650 miles out to sea and lay eggs—just in case a motor sampan might happen to see and carry the news to Tokyo.

The "Stop Japan!" movement is more or less intense all over the world. But in the end its success hinges on just how good the untried Red Army of the Soviet turns out to be.

Then you can telephone about 90 miles for 35c, about 150 miles for 50c, about 425 miles for \$1 (3 minutes, station-to-station). • Call some far-away friend or relative tonight or Sunday and see how satisfying a telephone visit can be to both of you.





Sympathy not for Sale

IT IS a mistake to assume that other people's motives are mean. They may be. Evil undeniably exists. But you can't be too sure. There are very decent people in this world, actuated by very honorable motives.

Take this business of foreign affairs. All squalid, say the dewy-eyed sentimentalists. Diplomacy, according to them, is a polite word for organized lying. Relations between governments, they insist, can only be understood by the realism of dishonest motives. Lust for money or power, they say, is the only force which influences the behavior of nations.

Apply this sort of materialistic twaddle to our Far Eastern attitude and its inherent absurdity is obvious.

If we think about trade alone, we Americans are much more interested in Japan than in China.

During recent years, Japan has been our third best customer. Only Canada and Great Britain bought more from us.

We buy and sell twice as much with Japan as with China. Our Japanese trade has been growing while that with China has been relatively at a standstill during the last twenty years.

Yet American public opinion has favored the Chinese. It is impossible to explain our interest in China merely by the money involved.

When the American gunboat Panay was sunk by Japanese bombs in the Yangtze River, many, fearing complications which might lead us to war, instantly demanded that all American forces be quickly withdrawn from China. In common with other great powers, we have long maintained naval vessels and troops in Chinese ports for the protection of our people.

The demand for the recall of American ships and soldiers was, however, far from unanimous. Unquestionably, a majority of Americans want to avoid a war with Japan, or with anybody else, but a surprisingly large and important number of people did not favor the withdrawal of American forces in China.

Most significant among those who opposed the recall of armed American forces were the

missionary leaders. The missionaries have not been inspired by the desire for gain.

So whatever policy our government pursues toward China and Japan, we shall be moved by other than money considerations. The economic formula leaves out too many real influences.

Of course the business interests are important. According to the estimates of the Institute of Pacific Relations, all American investments in all Far Eastern countries amount to about 750 million dollars. This includes the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and Japan as well as China.

Our stake in the Far East is only about 5 or 6 per cent of our total foreign investment. East of Suez dollar diplomacy is worth not more than a nickel.

Our investments are almost equally divided between the Philippines, Japan and China. So far as is known, the capital we now have in China amounts to only about 200 million dollars.

We do depend upon the Far East for essential imports but the most important do not come from China. We have to import rubber if we want to use our motorcars. We need silk, tin, tung oil, hemp, copra, tea and spices, but only for tung oil do we rely chiefly upon China.

We also depend upon the Far East to buy some of our most important exports, but here again China is not the leading customer.

Cotton is our largest money crop and normally half of the cotton we grow is exported. Japan is our biggest Eastern cotton buyer. The Chinese market for American cotton is small and declining.

China formerly was a large buyer of American tobacco but in recent years even its tobacco purchases have diminished. The plain fact is that, with industrialization, Japan has produced more, had more money with which to buy, and has become vastly more important to us by every material test than China.

Yet the fact is that American public opinion has been friendly to China and critical of Japan from the very beginning of the undeclared Sino-

Japanese war. If we were moved by our money desires, long ago we should have had the wit to embrace the Japanese cause.

Instead we have favored the Chinese because China seemed to be the aggrieved and Japan the aggressor. Regardless of how it hurts our pocketbook, we prefer causes which seem to us to be right. Most Americans appear to think that the right lies with the Chinese.

Of course we don't want to fight about it. Girls may switch to cotton stockings, and boycotts against Japanese products may spread but we Americans don't now intend to fight anybody's war.

We were in a similar state of mind in September, 1914, when Germany was overrunning Belgium. Even Theodore Roosevelt, who later preached war, then thought and said that the German invasion of Belgium was none of our business.

Less than three years later it became our business and the majority of Americans approved the decision recorded by Congress. We did not fight then for economic gain. We fought to uphold certain tangible principles which seemed to us to be right. After-the-event critics say we were sentimental in 1917. The capacity for such sentiment still exists.

But we don't want such a catastrophe over again. Americans, in common, certainly, with all democratic people and probably with all people, desire passionately to avoid the unspeakable brutality, horror and waste of war. Nobody enjoys being blown to bits by a bomb. So, too, did the Chinese and the Ethiopians desire to escape. Tragically they could not.

We are better situated. Two oceans and our immense industrial capacity protect us from aggression as no other nation is fortified. But we have interests, far-flung interests, not all measured in money, which we could not surrender without a struggle even if war was the price exacted. We doubtless will avoid a great war. But we shall have to use our wits. We won't save our skins by pretending that all we have at stake is money in the troubled arena of world affairs.



DRINK

Coca-Cola

“Pure as sunlight”

Just a drink, but what a drink. You find it everywhere...because ice-cold

Coca-Cola is pure refreshment, pure as sunlight. Thirst asks nothing more.

You're invited to "The Song Shop"...at your radio. Listen! You'll be glad you did. Columbia network—10 P.M., E.S.T., Fridays.



PAUSE AT THE FAMILIAR RED COOLER...
AROUND THE CORNER FROM ANYWHERE



Her Throat Insured For \$50,000.

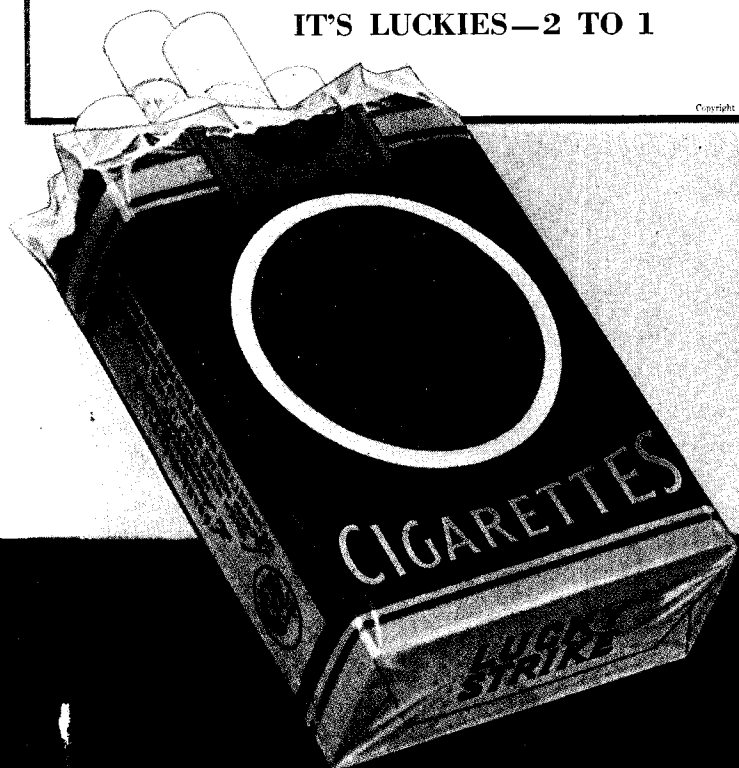
DOLORES DEL RIO* tells why it's good business for her to smoke Luckies...

"That \$50,000 insurance is a studio precaution against my holding up a picture," says Miss Del Rio. "So I take no chances on an irritated throat. No matter how much I use my voice in acting, I always find Luckies gentle."

They will be gentle on *your* throat, too. Here's why: Luckies' exclusive "Toasting" process expels certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. This makes Luckies' fine tobaccos even finer... a *light* smoke.

Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—men who know tobacco and its qualities—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined. This is the impartial judgment of experts not connected with any manufacturer.

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST
IT'S LUCKIES—2 TO 1**

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company


***DOLORES DEL RIO
STARRING IN THE 20th CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE, "SHANGHAI DEADLINE"**